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A BACHELOR IN TROUBLE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

READER, I have a confession to make—one I am very much ashamed of making—one I ought to be ashamed to make—but, I am an old bachelor—not so very old either—I am only forty—but, a—not young bachelor. How it has come about—how such a doom has fallen upon me—for what sin I am thus punished I know not. All I know is, that it is not by my own will or election I am that I am.

An old bachelor! faugh! the thing I have especially disaffected from childhood. A dried up, fussy, quiddling, selfish old rogue of a bachelor, the very idea sickens me—and to think of the imminent peril in which I stand drives me to despair. It is hard—I, who have always so loved and admired the ladies—I, who have always been so gallant, so susceptible, it is unmerited.

Why, I remember when I was only ten years old, paying my devoirs to a little beauty of six. All the knowing ones laughed and winked at the manifest fancy. It was remarked, "What a ladies' man little Master Jacky was already—it was plain enough he would never be an old bachelor!" Ah, blessed prediction, oh! glorious prophecy, would it had been fulfilled! Alas! for the dreary reverse, the desolate unfulfilment of that radiant hope.

I am a man, as I flatter myself, peculiarly fitted for the domestic relation; a man who delights in creature comforts; a man who likes a clean shirt, a neat house, a warm fire, and stockings well mended; a man who rejoices in being coddled, and coaxed, and kissed; (on this last point I don't speak from experience, but from an intuitive self-knowledge) a man who would have swelled with a due sense of his importance as the head of a family: and that such a man, I say, so desirable as a husband—so desirous of filling that happy relation, should have been cast away on the desert sands of celibacy, does seem like a departure by nature from her prime law—no waste of material. Am I not forced to see, hard as the fact bears on me, that she wastes no single leaf—no thread—no fibre even; all is applied, re-produced, economized. Why then? Am I more worthless than the dead leaf, the dew-drop, a straw, that she has cast me away as quite useless?—or what is just the same, turned me into an old bachelor?

"But how does it happen?" I hear some impatient reader exclaim. "To hear men talk now-a-days, one would not think they had any difficulty in getting wives—indeed their somewhat conceited sneers and inuendoes would seem to infer that the difficulty lies on the other side."

So they say, good reader—so they say—but I have not found it so. Those whom I have fancied have not fancied me, and those who might perhaps have condescended to fancy me, my perverse disposition, or my evil star, prevented me from fancying. I will instance one such case.

Fanny B——, a nice girl—a clever girl—a good girl, though a poor girl. Her friends tried hard to make the match—it is no vanity but the truth to say so—and Miss Fanny herself I could not but perceive was not averse. I saw all her good qualities, all her attractions. I saw them, but I could not feel them. I actually took myself to task, scolded myself, abused myself, reviled myself, flouted myself for my coldness to Miss Fanny. I said to myself, "You stupid old fool, you ass, you—you bachelor, don't you see—here you are at thirty-seven, and if you don't marry now, you never will, it is your last chance; here is a pretty girl, a deal too good for you, amiable, clever and willing, and what more do you want?"

"Ay, willing, there was the rub. Too willing for my fastidious fancy. I never could bring myself to propose for her, simply because I knew she was expecting it—simply because I saw that

I could never open my mouth but that she was thinking, "Here it comes—he is going to make love, or say something now."

How could any man of spirit and independence make love under such circumstances? Even with the awful penalty of old bachelorhood before me I could not, and did not, propose for Miss Fanny.

Can the reader understand such crotchets and whims? If he cannot, he cannot understand me, and I may as well stop writing, for I am full of them.

As in Fanny's case, so in many others, scruples as absurd, perhaps, but as unconquerable, have stood in my way, and forbidden me to reach the golden apple of matrimony.

As I have spoken of those whom I could not love, I should perhaps speak of those I could—but upon this theme I can touch but lightly and tenderly. The shadow of past sorrow rests upon it. Twice I have felt the thrill of genuine affection, and twice experienced the mortifying grief of knowing it unreturned—to confess so much is to avow that I have endured no small amount of human misery, as those will testify who like me have loved in vain.

But that is all gone and past—the sharp, old griefs have worn themselves dull—but in my present dilemma I want aid and comfort. My question is, what shall I do to be saved from bachelordom? Kind editor, or gentle readers, can you not give me counsel?

I don't want to be a bachelor—I hate to be one. I cannot endure old bachelors, never could—should be obliged for the sake of consistency to desperately hate myself if I became one—but how can I avoid my impending fate?

My difficulties stated succinctly appear to be,

First, the intractability and obstinacy of those whims or prejudices which forbid me to marry any woman who is willing to marry me.

Second, the intractability and obstinacy of those women who refuse to marry me without that voluntariness.

Dear editor and readers, are these difficulties insuperable? Write, I beseech you, and relieve the anxieties of a much distressed and long suffering man. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, as a man experienced in such delicate matters, may be able to give me an invaluable, a serving hint. Or perhaps some fair, pitying spirit may, in Christian charity, extend a helping hand to a poor fellow mortal on the brink of an abyss—the dismal gulf profound of musty, fusty, rusty, dusty, crusty old bachelorhood.

THERE IS DARKNESS IN THE CHAMBER.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

There is darkness in the chamber,
There is gloom upon each face,
Empty stands the baby's cradle,
And a coffin in its place.

Fast the burning tears are falling
On the face forever cold,
Oh, 'tis but a little coffin,
Yet a mother's heart doth hold!

There is wailing in the chamber,
Where sweet baby's voice was heard;
Baby's voice that came like singing
Of the earliest Spring-time bird.

Oh! the great world jostles onward,
But the mother's world is still;
Yet she murmurs 'mid her weeping,
'Tis our Heavenly Father's will.

SONNET ON A STATUE.

BY W. G. SIMPSON.

To catch, ere yet Decay had robb'd that shrine
Of Innocence and Beauty, once called mine,
And fix each fleeting grace, Death spared his prey:
Thanks to thee, Artist, and thine Art divine!—
Yes, there all beautiful in death she lay,
Companion'd by the rose-buds o'er her shed—
Snatched, even as she, from parent stem away,
But fragrant yet, and yet unwithered!
But, gentle Artist, not thy magic skill,
Which can so well each lineament portray,
Could give that Beauty's ever-varying play
Of sweet expression—from the morning's grey
Its roseate blush—to sunny, dazzling day!
Ah, me! but in my heart she liveth still!

AUNT HAPZIBAH AT THE DONATION PARTY.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

Wildfire Hall, January 1st.

When I first came up here, Mag, to this lonesome old place, I thought I should never survive the winter, one has always such horrid ideas of the winter in the country, you know: but I must say I have been for once agreeably disappointed. I do really begin to think rural life not so very unendurable after all. To be sure every house isn't like this; and everybody hasn't an aunt Hap to play off pranks upon, or a cousin Al to play them. I really do think aunt Hap is, after all, a treasure; though at first I set her down for as tormenting an old bore as ever afflicted a family of lively young people like ourselves. As for Al, he really is an incomparable joker. He is like nothing else in the world but the monkey in the Happy Family at Barnum's; stirring up everybody to mischief, and especially delighting to provoke the weazen-faced, asthmatical old Tabby, who sits in the corner, looking a blood-thirsty upon the little mice who go brushing their long tails past her very whiskers.

A week ago to-day, which was Christmas, there was a donation party at Mr. Stanley's. Ever since aunt Hap's affair with her "spiritual partner," alias the ghost of Jim Larned, alias Al in a white sheet, she has been especially spiteful about parties, and dancing, and beaux, and actually came near influencing uncle Wildfire, who is a good man at heart, although he does think it incumbent upon him, as deacon in the church, to make himself as much as possible like a walking tomb-stone, to forbid our attending any dancing parties. However, thanks to Kate, who has a full share of that inestimable quality known as woman's wit, she didn't succeed. If Eve was naughty when she pulled the wool over Adam's eyes, she was kind enough to transmit the art to all her daughters, so I, for one, will never abuse the dear old lady.

As I said, Christmas was donation day at Mr. Stanley's. Of course as the half sister of Deacon Wildfire, and the presiding genius of his household, it was plainly the duty of aunt Hap to favor the occasion with her presence; and we youngsters must also testify our regard for the worthy pastor in a similar manner.

"I dread it," said Kate, as we were talking over the matter the day previous, "for of course we shall have no dancing, and in such a mixed assemblage as there will be there, there will be no alternative but those rude, boisterous plays, like 'Blind Man's Buff' and 'Hunt the Slipper.' I never could endure them."

"They are well enough," said Al, "for such parties as we have when all uncle Warren's children come down here, and we go into the great dining-room for a real frolic; but for anything else they are terrible bores."

"For my part," said I, "I don't see how anybody, even aunt Hap, can advocate them in preference to a quiet quadrille. Even the fancy dances are far more innocent, I think."

"Oh! aunt Hap was brought up in those good old times. Then, being an old maid, all the milk of human kindness has curdled in her bosom, and the whey that runs off once in awhile when she gets into a fit of lecturing us, 'all for our own good,' is somewhat acid. How I do hate an old maid. I never read the marriage list in the newspaper without a feeling of intense thankfulness, that somebody's nephews and nieces are spared the torment of an old maid aunt. I expect I shall marry, one of these days, just out of pure benevolence."

"Self-sacrificing youth," said Kate, laughing; "but here comes aunt Hap this minute; I wonder what is to pay now?"

"Well, gals," said aunt Hap, with the sweetest, that is to say, the least vinegary expression which she could command, as she sat down by the table upon which our work-baskets stood, "I suppose you are e'en a'most ready for the party. Law, now, Lizzie, that ere is a powerful pretty thing you're a making. What mout it be?"

It was a Chenille head-dress upon which I was working, but that the bright showy colors should attract aunt Hap's favorable notice, so astonished me that I could scarcely repress my wonderment as I replied to her question.

"Shayneel, is it? Well, that's a queer name, but it's dreffal pretty. I 'spose you think o' wearin' on't to-morrow night, don't ye?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, I think it'll become ye, and I don't doubt you'll be just the prettiest gal there."

Now as it is very well known through the family, that I am no great favorite with aunt

Hap, being regarded by her as a very carnal-minded young person, given up irredeemably to the vanities and follies of this present evil world, this little bit of flattery was somewhat astounding. "What is in the wind?" thought I. "Has aunt Hap had an offer? Has some unhoped-for declaration of love acted as a sweetener upon her usual acidity? Has somebody been pouring pearl-ash upon that fountain of curdled 'milk?'" recurring to Al's metaphor. A shrewd whisper over my shoulder let in a ray of light upon the vexed question.

"An axe to grind, Lizzie. Look out or you'll be promised for some complicated piece of cap manufacturing before you know it."

"You see I was young myself once, gals," continued aunt Hap, "and it ain't so long ago yet that I've forgot it, though my memory is uncommon treacherous, to be sure; and I know what it is to be proud of one's good looks."

A sudden upraising of Al's eyebrows and a comical gesture, provoked a smile which I could not repress. Aunt Hap saw the smile, divined its cause, and laid up a grudge against Allan, which she is sure to pay over with interest one of these days. I can't help it; if Al will be so funny, I don't know as it is my duty to run the risk of an explosion to save him from the consequences of his own acts.

"As I was about to remark," continued aunt Hap, "I think it is everybody's duty to dress in a way that's becomin'. I don't believe, and you know it, in curls and flounces and fol-de-rols, but I think folks ought to 'provide things decent in the sight of all men;' that was the apostles doctrine, and it's mine; I consider it's my duty to go to the donation party, though you know, gals, both on ye, that I don't approve of parties in general, but this is a different thing; and I do suppose now that I ought to have a new cap to wear; and I thought now, Lizzie, since you was from the city and knew the ways of folks, and bein' too as you had pretty considerable good taste, maybe you'd make me one."

"Certainly, aunt Hap," I replied, "I shall be very happy to oblige you in the matter, if you will trust me."

"Well, then, I'll go up stairs and get the things."

"Now you see," said Allan, as she left the room, "aunt Hap is human after all; much as she scolds and frets about the foolishness and extravagance of young women now-a-days, she isn't above the weakness of her sex. So pile on the bows, Lizzie; set the streamers flying, and then we'll watch and see who the old lady sets the new cap at first. Do you know, girls, I have a notion we can get some spirit out of this donation party yet."

Aunt Hap returned shortly with sundry old maidish-looking bundles of faded yellow fringe, and sitting down by me, commenced unrolling therefrom various bits of laces and ribbons, and a few coarse artificial flowers. I suppose I must have surveyed the stuff with a dubious expression, noticing which, aunt Hap began to make some apologies.

"You see, Lizzie, I ain't never extravagant. I don't believe in buying new things when you've got old in the house that will do every grain as well. These ere have all been nice things in their day, and I reckon we can get something out of 'em yet. There is a good deal of that lace that is very good; and them pink and yaller ribbons is just as nice as new. I took 'em off of a couple of caps when I went into mourning for my grandmother, six years ago, this fall; I thought then they'd come in play some time. Lone folks never keeps no such things, but I always do. There is Jim Larned's widow, she that was Sally Casewell, she is the most consarnedist extravagant critter I ever did see. When she went into mourning for her husband—much she mourned him, I guess, they say she scolded and jawed him continerally as long as he lived, and now he is dead, she's a hoity-toitying around with every feller that comes in her way. Mis' Mosier's girl was a tellin' me, last night, how she see her out a sleigh-ridin', night afore last, with somebody she thought looked jest like Seth Warner; he that married Polly Gravell, and she died o' the influenza. Now such goin's on among people of their age, and members of the church too, that had ought to know better, in my opinion is nothing more nor less than downright scandalous. I 'spose they'll be at the donation to-morrow; and of course Sallie will be rigged out in all her nippenny-fippennys. She's left off her mourning now, and they say she does dress to kill."

"But what about her going into mourning, aunt Hap?" said Al, "you began to tell us something about her extravagance."

"Now, Allan, you know I don't never accuse nobody of nothin'. I've got enough to do to take care of my own faults; we ain't none on us perfect—I no more'n the rest—but I must say that I never should have throwed away all the nice things that Sally Casewell did, just because my husband had happened to die. It was jest as good as throwin' them away to give 'em to that silly-pated niece o' hern to be flouted out at dancin'-school, and sich like places; to say nothing about the sin of the thing; encouraging

carnal amusements among the young. There's no mistake about it, Sally Casewell is a most an awful extravagant piece; but I guess she'll find out some folks can dress as well as others."

All this time she had been assorting and arranging the odd-looking bits of finery, remarking occasionally that "some on 'em was worn more'n she thought for," and others "had got yaller a lyin'." Al took occasion of her pre-occupation to whisper slily,

"The murder is out, Lil; she's going to set her cap for the widower; so make it dashy as a peony."

Kate, who understood the joke, now suggested, "I have some lace up stairs, aunt Hap, which will answer better than any of yours;" and without stopping to notice the delighted exclamations of the spinster, ran away to bring it.

If you think I am going to initiate you into all the mysteries of the making of that cap you are mistaken. Suffice it to say that between aunt Hap's rather original taste, and the wickedly mischievous suggestions of a very officious young gentleman, who might have found better business elsewhere, I was more than once nearly in despair of achieving anything like a creditable result. At last, however, it was completed; the pink and yellow bows, and faded artificials were all arranged to a nicety; and when aunt Hap tried it on by candle-light, Allan paid her a profusion of compliments, and finished by striking an attitude with his hand upon his heart, and with a most obsequious bow, declaring himself the slave of her charms; and with a smile of conscious triumph, aunt Hap bore off the miracle of art to her own apartment.

"Bless me!" said Al, "how the dear old Venus will shine to-morrow night: I do believe she will succeed in captivating the widower; and mind, Lil, if she does catch him, I shall give you all the credit; and you shall live on pound-cake and sugar-plums all the rest of your life."

The married people were invited to come in the afternoon, and the young folk in the evening; so about four o'clock uncle Job came in, and inquired of aunt Hap if she were ready for the party.

"Well, brother Job," she replied, "I've got a good deal to see to this afternoon that I can't put by; and I guess you'll have to go over alone, and I'll come by-and-by with the girls, 'twont make no great odds, I suppose."

"Certainly not, sister Hapzibah," said the deacon, with a quiet smile, as he drew on his buckskin gloves and left the house.

We were all ready soon after tea, waiting for aunt Hap, and she made her appearance directly; with her shining black foretop curled in the most becoming manner; a new wrought collar, bought expressly for the occasion, fastened by an old-fashioned broach over a figured alpaca dress, grass green in color. But the crowning article of her dress, and the one in which she evidently took the greatest delight, was the new cap. It was set jauntily back upon the crown of her head, and the strings, which were one of pink and the other of yellow ribbon, instead of being tied discreetly under her chin, flaunted back over her shoulders like streamers.

"She does look blooming, and no mistake," whispered Allan, gravely, loud enough for the delighted spinster to hear. "Blamed if I wouldn't like to kiss her."

"Oh! Allan," said aunt Hap, with a groan, which was assumed to hide a smile, "will you never remember that you are a deacon's son, and a baptized member of the church?"

When we reached Mr. Stanley's, there was already quite a large party assembled, and the sport of the evening was well under weigh.

"There's the widder," whispered aunt Hap, eagerly, and pointing to a bright-eyed, trim-looking little woman of about thirty, who was chatting pleasantly with a tall, rather ungainly specimen of masculinity, "and that is Seth Warner she's a talkin' to. Ain't she a brazen-looking thing?"

A romping game of Blind Man's Buff was going on in the centre of the room; Frank Peters was blinded, and as he came near Allan, I heard Al whisper something in his ear, and in a minute more he pushed the handkerchief up so as to get a peep out. The next instant he sprang toward the corner where we were standing, and throwing both his arms around aunt Hap's neck, exclaimed,

"I've caught somebody," and then giving her a kiss on each cheek. "Good evening, Kate. I'm glad to see you."

"I ain't Kate," screamed aunt Hap, struggling to free herself from the strong embrace of her captor. "I'm Hapzibah Dorcas Greenleaf; and I ain't used to bein' used in this way. Go 'long off." Frank had let her free by this time, and was apologizing with utmost apparent humility for his unintentional rudeness. "Really, aunt Hap," said he, gravely, but with a wicked twinkle in his eye, "if you will look so blooming, you must expect to be taken for a girl. I am sure the company will agree with me, that the mistake was a perfectly natural one."

Everybody was laughing too much to regard this appeal; while aunt Hap was smoothing her ruffled feathers and striving to regain her

amiability, which it is my private opinion was really no difficult matter.

"Goodness gracious me, to think that I should be kissed by a man," she murmured, half audibly; that was the dying out of her wrath, for in a minute more she turned to me and asked in a smiling whisper, "if I didn't think Frank Peter was a dreadful pretty young man."

The game was ended by this time, and some one proposed "Pawns." Allan was appointed to gather them, and in his tour he approached Mrs. Larned, who was sitting near aunt Hap, and striving with becoming assiduity to engage the stately spinster in cheerful conversation.

"Uncle Simon says point up," he exclaimed, to the merry little widow.

"Oh! I'm not in the play, am I, Allan?" she replied, gaily.

"Yes, indeed you are. There shall nobody escape when I am pawn-master, unless they escape by their wits. So 'point down.'"

Down went the widow's thumb unbidden by "uncle Simon." "A pawn, a pawn," was the cry, and the widow tossed him a dainty little pocket-handkerchief edged with lace.

"Come, aunt Hap, it is your turn now."

"Allan, I am amazed at you, trying to engage a woman of my sense in such foolish, nonsensical sports. Let them take part in 'em that hain't sense enough to see the folly of it; for my part, I'm disgusted with sich goin's on."

"Carefully, aunt Hap, this is a donation party, and we are at the minister's now; people don't fiddle and dance here, they only play kissing plays; so no sermonizing, but give us your pawn."

"Marcy to us, Allan, I hain't got nothin' to give ye."

"Yes, you have; there's your bottle of smelling salts," said he, seizing the precious bottle which she always carried in her hand.

"Ludy, Allan, you can't have that; what shall I do without it when I have the headache?"

"Oh! you'll have a chance to redeem it by-and-bye, never fear."

The selling of the pawns had not proceeded far, before I noticed the widow's pretty handkerchief suspended over the head of Kate, who was judge.

"Fine or superfine?" asked Kate.

"Superfine."

I can't say certainly that there was any understanding between Al and Kate, but two or three times in the course of the play, the aptness of the penalties looked very suspicious.

"Let her pick cherries with Mr. Warner, and hand them down to aunt Hap and Frank Peters."

"What's that about me?" asked aunt Hap, nervously.

"Oh! not much; I'll soon show you," said Al.

Two chairs were placed opposite each other in the centre of the room, in one of which stood the widow, and in the other Mr. Warner. Aunt Hap was then led to the gentleman's right hand, and Frank took his station opposite her by the side of Mrs. Larned. Kisses were then exchanged between the first couple, which were to be handed down to the others.

"Well did I ever," exclaimed aunt Hap, as the widow put up her pouting lips to Mr. Warner, "that beats me;" but in a minute more, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and before she was aware the ripe cherry was transferred to her own face.

Probably aunt Hap was struck with amazement, for she made no resistance till it was all over; then she shrieked and struggled, and declared she was never so "put upon" in all her life. Straight to Mrs. Stanley she went with her grievances.

"To think that I, Hapzibah Dorcas Greenleaf, a deacon's sister, should be so misused in a minister's house. Mrs. Stanley, I never expected it."

"Oh, the young people don't mean any harm; they must have some amusement, and you know dancing is prohibited. For myself, though I must say, I much prefer it to these rude plays."

"How can you say it, Mrs. Stanley. There was Sally Casewell that was, she was a real Herodisses' daughter; she'd 'a danced John the Baptist's head off of his shoulders, just as quick as she'd 'a eat a meal of vittles, that she would. Oh! I don't think kissin' is nothing near so bad as dancing; but I didn't like to be put down there on the floor to take 'em second-handed."

Luckily aunt Hap was called for just that moment to redeem her pawn, so Mrs. Stanley wasn't called on to reply.

"Come, aunt Hap, here's a chance to redeem the precious smelling-bottle. Kate says you must kiss Mr. Warner Yankee fashion."

"Kiss Mr. Warner! why, Allan, I'm ashamed of you; you know I wouldn't do it for the world. My stars! me kiss a man."

"Well, if you don't choose to redeem the pawn I shall keep it, that is all; and I'll tell you what I'll do with it too. I'll give it to Mrs. Larned, for she has behaved like a sensible woman all the evening. She has not put on airs once."

"Give my smelling-bottle away. Why, Allan, you know I never could live through one of my dreadful headaches without it; why that bottle

of smelling salts old Dr. Harlow fixed for me before you was born—that is when I was a little girl."

"Can't help it. Must be redeemed, else it's mine. That's the rule, and I ain't going to break it."

Aunt Hap put on her most resigned look, and with a groan, replied,

"Well, if I must, I must, I 'sposes. I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Warner; you see it's greatly against my will, but I'm forced into it."

"Stop," says Al, "it must be done Yankee fashion."

"How is that, for mercy's sake? It's bad enough the common way."

"Don't you know," said Mrs. Larned, earnestly, "I'll show you. Stand up here, Mr. Warner; come, Miss Greenleaf," and she placed them opposite each other; then throwing her pocket-handkerchief over aunt Hap's face, she stepped quickly up to the widower, gave him a hearty kiss, and led him triumphantly to a seat on the sofa. Aunt Hap, through the thin cambric handkerchief, viewed the whole proceeding. If you could have seen her eyes, as she snatched the handkerchief from her head, and screamed,

"Sally Casewell, you mean, underhanded, contemptible critter," and amid a roar of laughter, she sprang forward and seized her arm, intending to give her a rough shaking; the exclamations of a half-dozen around her, however, caused her to pause; and looking down at the handkerchief, which she still held in her hand, she discovered that having seized it hastily, regardless of the unfastened condition of her cap, she had removed both together from her head, leaving exposed her own grey hair and the glossy foretop, which she prided herself upon being able to palm off as natural.

With snapping eyes, she loosened her hold of the widow, and bestowing upon her one parting epithet, not particularly endearing, rushed into a dressing-room to re-arrange her disordered toilet.

No persuasions could induce her to appear again in the parlor; and Kate and I, weak from laughing, and more than satisfied with the display which aunt Hap had made of herself, prepared to accompany her home. Of course Al has been in disgrace ever since; but it don't crush him overpoweringly; and we have hopes that he will survive.

MIDNIGHT BY A BED OF SICKNESS.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Father! pale and still she lies!
Half-shut are her moveless eyes,
And her slow breaths hardly stir
The light covering over her.
She is very near to Death,
Yet thou can'st restore her breath.
God of mercy! let her stay!
Take her not away!

Spare her! spare her to our prayers!
Life is full of bitter cares;
On her children they will fall
Soon enough—the lot of all.
But without her guiding hand
They would be a stricken band,
And the light of their young years,
Dimmed too soon by cares and tears.
For their sake we humbly pray
Take her not away!

Spare her! for my life would be
Dark without her sympathy.
None my waywardness to chide—
None my erring youth to guide—
None to care when I go forth
To the crowded walks of Earth—
None to welcome my return—
All the voices cold and stern.
Oh! in pity let her stay!
Take her not away!

Mournfully, when she is gone,
And the lonely night comes on,
I shall think with vain remorse
Of my past life's wayward course.
Every unkind word I've said
Rising like one from the dead!
Oh! such pain I could not bear!
Even the thought is black despair!
God of love and grace! I pray
Take her not away!

Still she moves not. Still she lies
Waxen-white, with half shut eyes;
Still the shadows and the gloom
Slumber in this lonely room.
Thou to whom all hearts lie bare
Through the midnight hear my prayer!
Sadly, for the hearts that break—
Humbly, for her children's sake
If it be thy will, I pray,
Take her not away!

CONVENTS AND COQUETRY.

BY BETTY HOLYOKE.

"How hard it is to decide for oneself! If there's a trial in the world it lies in the exercise of free will."

"Wherefore, Lizzie?" asked her father.

"Of course we wish to do everything that pleases our fancy, and of course we wish to oblige all our friends; and so of course we propose and promise everything, until one thing gets in another's way, and all are confused, everybody's disappointed, and we don't do anything at all. I'm tired of life. I wish I were a nun."

"Let me see. How many gentlemen have asked my leave to pay their addresses to you?"

"Nine, I suppose."

"And how many have you, at various times, accepted?"

"Eighteen."

"That is a fair beginning for a nun; but what's the trouble now?"

"Why, to tell the truth, father, I have made seven engagements for this afternoon, and all with different individuals. What shall I do?"

"Say, that being indisposed you have concluded to remain at home, and read the President's message to me, like a dutiful child."

Lizzie's face brightened, "I know a plot worth two of that; we will take a walk together; for one doesn't wish to be poring over political documents in such an afternoon as this. Wait till evening, when I'll read you asleep with the message."

"Oh, you must excuse me, child, I am busy."

"But I cannot excuse you. We shall both enjoy the walk; and think of being preferred to all the beaux in Wilmington! I will wear my sables and my new Paris hat, and you'll be prou of your daughter. There, you will go, I see in your face. I have rung the bell, and when Dolly comes, you must order your coat and rubbers, for I'm away."

An only child, educated by a doting father—for her mother died at her birth—Lizzie Lee had known as little trouble or restraint as could well fall to a mortal's lot. Accomplished and sprightly, elegant rather than beautiful, with fine hair, a pleasant voice, and unquestionable taste in dress, she took the lead in the gay society of Wilmington. Many lovers made fullest possible acknowledgement of her fascinations, by offering hands and hearts which were accepted for awhile, in an obliging way, and then forgotten.

Mr. Lee was yet in the prime of life, handsome in person, courtly in manners. Wealthy and indolent, he had gradually abandoned his profession, and suffered his fine abilities to rust unused, while he devoted himself to the enjoyment of belle-letters and society. He and Lizzie were mutually fond of each other; and took care as seldom as possible to cross each others inclinations.

"Mr. Breckenbridge," said Dolly, as she brought her master's coat, "the gentleman who was here last night, is in the parlor waiting for Miss Lizzie."

"Didn't you know that Miss Lizzie was out?"

"No, sir. I saw her in her room, two minutes ago. I expect she's going to walk with Mr. Breckenbridge—he said so."

"Lizzie must really mend her ways. What can I say for her," muttered the father, as Dolly equipped his feet in the overshoes she had been warming. "The youth is no fop. I like him, and he deserves better treatment."

Lizzie appeared in due time, magnificent in furs and finery; and found her father alone in the drawing-room.

"Why, I thought Norval Breckenbridge was here!"

"He has been, but in spite of my apologies went home offended, I think. It is wrong—wrong, Lizzie, to multiply engagements as you do. This young lieutenant ran all risk to obtain an hour's leave of absence, that he might keep the appointment with you."

"Oh, well, don't scold, papa. I feel sorry myself, but I can console him easily enough. Do you know I mean to marry Breckenbridge."

"Do you love him? here's something new."

"As well as I know how; to tell the truth, father, I seem to have used up my heart by little and little, upon all the multitude of lovers I've endured; and now that I am growing old—twenty to-morrow!—and would be glad to settle down in life, and be somebody's dutiful spouse, I don't know how to work, I am as ignorant as a country lass that never had an offer in her life.

I haven't any heart, I'm tired of flirtations. Come, father, let us go abroad."

Six youths forgave Lizzie Lee for that day's disappointment, in consideration of a smile; but the seventh avoided her with silent dignity. It was the one for whose forgiveness she cared more than for that of all the rest, it was Norval Breckenbridge. If he had only been angry, she would have felt him in her power, and soon have wearied of him afterward; but now his indifference was too tantalizing, she watched jealousy his attentions to other ladies, her pride was piqued, she grew angry, and—in love. She urged still more strongly the voyage to Europe, and her father's consent once obtained, they sailed in the next steamer.

And too late, Lizzie found that what she was flying in search of she had left at home; content, repose, all Europe could not furnish. Restlessly she roved from city to city, viewing scenery, pictures, architecture, and listening to music, all in vain. Visions of an earnest, manly face which might be with her now, of a serene and happy home which might, alas, which might have been! would haunt her everywhere.

While in this state of mind Lizzie met in Paris an enthusiastic young Abbe, her father's friend, and an eloquent advocate of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Romish church. Perceiving the heart-ache that caused Lizzie's restlessness, the youth wearily painted the peace and repose, the life of easy duties here, and sure reward hereafter, which his church had to offer all who could renounce this world.

They journeyed on to Rome, and Mr. Lee bore letters to several of the Abbe's friends; it occurred to him afterward, that this fact might have some connection with succeeding events. One day, all by chance, it seemed, Lizzie encountered a beautiful young nun, a Sister of Charity, accomplished and fascinating, like—yet how unlike—herself. The atmosphere of peacefulness and holiness which surrounded sister Agnes seemed, for the time, to quiet Lizzie's restless heart; they met frequently, the nun showed great kindness in procuring her new acquaintance all opportunities for observing the ritual of the church. Lizzie obtained admission in her convent at length as a student of music. The holy tranquil life of the nuns, by its very contrast to aught she had ever felt or desired, so fascinated our gay young belle, that Mr. Lee returned from a tour in Russia, to find his daughter a member of the Romish church, and resolved never again to leave the seclusion of her monastery.

"She will forget this new love with the rest," the indolent father thought, and revelling himself in the contemplation of beauty which had failed to satisfy Lizzie, he was only glad of the new diversion she had found. The Abbe, who had followed Mr. Lee to Rome, was his unfailing companion, and useful guide about the Eternal City; and was at the sametime more weary of lingering amid its wonders, and more at a loss in projecting a plan for some new tour beyond the limits of Italy. Weeks multiplied to months, and months to years, and still the Lees lingered at Rome.

About this time a stranger, attracted by the bustle about its doors, entered one of the public hospitals of Rome, into which they were bearing wounded and dying men; for there had been an insurrection the previous week, and many soldiers had been killed or mangled fearfully. The stranger was himself a soldier; as his interest betrayed, no less than the undress uniform which he wore. Walking up and down the wards, a pitying spectator of the tumult and cheerlessness of the place, as this young man took note of the impatient agony of those sufferers who waited for their turn in the scanty supply of medical attendance, the still terror of those who already were suffering surgical operations, the groans of the neglected, the curses of such as felt their misery increased by the carelessness of their bearers, his attention was arrested by the approach of two Sisters of Charity.

He had striven in vain to quiet the impatience or the apprehensions of those immediately about him, fellow-soldiers as they were; but when these women came, wise only in their kindness, strengthened only by their love, the stranger saw how at once the magnetism of their presence subdued the sufferers, until prayers took place of curses, and the sleep of exhaustion fell upon faces which had so lately writhed with anguish.

"Why, Agatha, how you tremble," said sister Agnes, suddenly, "we must not thus be overcome by our own feelings in the presence of suffering. Come, take heart! see that poor creature," pointing to his parched lips, "bring him drink!"

And Agatha moved to obey, but the crucifix which she had clasped to her bosom dropped from her helpless hands, and she would have fallen save for the stranger's help.

"Am I dreaming? Lizzie Lee!"

"Hush, hush, for heaven's sake! No, it is not my name, I am sister Agatha." Before the stranger could say more, she was hurried away.

But Agatha's dreams that evening were not such as befitted one who on the morrow would

take her final vow of renunciation to the world; she looked at the Virgin's picture, and only thought how human eyes had looked as earnestly into hers—she clasped the golden crucifix, and wished it were a human hand that could clasp back her own.

The morrow came, on which Lizzie Lee was to kneel before the altar, to have her beautiful, abundant hair cut away and her rich garments removed; to lie upon a bier and be covered by a pall, with painted death's heads surrounding her, and the death-bells tolling; to say, by those awful ceremonies, that another spirit was about to be buried from the world.

And she was buried, but only from its "cares and vanities." No welcoming hands of nuns led sister Agatha into the convent. Lizzie's unrest was buried away, without the death's heads and the sable pall. For, early the next morning, human eyes came to gaze as earnestly as the pictured eyes of the Virgin had once looked into hers; and she found a hand which could clasp hers back as fondly as once the young nun had clasped her crucifix. Lizzie Lee did not become a Sister of Charity.

And thus Lizzie Lee and the young soldier returned to Wilmington as Lieutenant and Mrs. Breckenbridge.

NELLIE.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Rosy morn, with trembling fingers,
Pushed aside the robes of night,
And a flood of sunbeams fluttered,
O'er the world with golden light;
All so quietly they fluttered,
All so gloriously shone,
Like they seemed to rays of glory,
From God's own Eternal throne.

Soon the Sabbath bells were pealing
On the perfume-laden air,
Worshippers, devout and holy,
Calling to the house of prayer;
But our hearts were filled with sadness,
Earth could not a comfort lend,
For we stood around the pillow,
Of a loved but dying friend.

There was dew upon her forehead,
Dampness in her raven hair,
Pallor on her pulseless temples,
Ah! relentless Death was there!
On her face a glory rested,
Like the glory of a crown,
And a smile lit up her features,
As life's star was going down.

"Mother," said the dying maiden,
In a voice so sweetly clear,
That we fancied sister angels
On their pinions hovered near;
"Mother, mourn not my departure,
For I do not fear to go"—
Angels bore her happy spirit
Where the living waters flow.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Bud and leaflet opening slowly,
Woo'd with tears by winds of Spring,
Now of June persuaded wholly,
Perfumes, flowers, and shadows bring.

Evey, in the linden alley,
All alone I met to-day,
Tripping to the sunny valley,
Spread across with new-mown hay.

Brown her soft curls, sunbeam-tinted,
Golden in the wavering flush;
Darker brown her eyes are, painted
Eye and fringe with one soft brush.

Through the leaves a careless comer,
Never dymph of fount or tree
Could have press'd the floor of Summer
With a lighter foot than she.

Few her words; yet like a sister,
Trustfully she looked and smiled;
'Twas but in my soul I kiss'd her,
As I used to kiss the child.

Shadows, which are not of sadness,
Touch her eyes, and brow above;
As pale wild roses dream of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

She had moved to the echoing sounds of fame,
Silently—silently died her name,
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a rich flower decay,
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burned expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from a Summer fire.
MRS. HEMANS.

Nearly maddened between the deeply suppressed, conflicting passions of wounded love, outraged pride, gloomy jealousy, fierce anger and burning desire of revenge, Philip Helmstedt's impetuous spirit would have devoured the time between his arrival at the Island and Marguerite's expected return. Now feeling, through the magic power of memory and imagination, the wondrous magnetism of her personality and praying for her arrival, only that all else might be forgotten in the rapture of their meeting—then with all the force of his excessive pride and scorn, sternly spurning that desire as most unworthy. Now torturing himself with sinister speculations as to where she might be, what doing? with whom tarrying? Then feeling intensely, as resentfully, his indubitable right to know, and longing for her return that he might make her feel the power of the man whose affection and whose authority had been equally slighted and despised. And through all these moods of love and jealousy still invoking, ever invoking, with a breathless, burning impatience that would have consumed and shriveled up the intervening days—the hour of her return; for still he doted on her with a fatuity that neither possession nor time had power to sate, nor pride nor anger force to destroy—nay, that these agencies only goaded into phrenzy. Strong man that he was, she possessed him like a fever, a madness, a shrouding fire! he could not deliver himself from the fascination of her individuality. Was she a modern Lamid, a serpent woman who held him, another Lexius, in her fatal toils? So it sometimes seemed to him as he walked moodily up and down the long piazza before the house, looking out upon the sea. At all events she held him! very well, let it be so, since he held her as surely, and she should feel it! Oh! for the hour of her return! All day he paced the long piazza or walked down to the beach, spy-glass in hand, to look out for the packet that should bear her to the Isle. But packet after packet sailed by, and day succeeded day until a month had passed, and still Marguerite came not. And day by day Philip Helmstedt grew darker, thinner and gloomier. Sleep forsook his bed, and appetite his board; it often happened that by night his pillow was not pressed, and by day his meals were left untasted.

Speculation was rife among the servants of the household. All understood that something was wrong in the family. The Helmstedt servants took the part of their master, while the De Lancie negroes advocated the cause of their mistress. It was a very great trial to poor old aunt Hapzibah, the housekeeper, to find her best efforts unavailing to make her master comfortable in the absence of her mistress. Every one likes to be appreciated; and no one more than an old family cook whose glory lies in her art; and so it proved too much for the philosophy of the old woman, who had taken much pride in letting "Marse Fillip see that eberyting went on as riglar as dough Miss Margit was home herself—to see her best endeavors unnoticed and her most *recherche* dishes untasted." And so—partly for her own relief, and partly for the edification of her underlings in the kitchen, she frequently held forth upon the state of affairs in something like the following style:

"De Lord bress de day an' hour as ever I toted mysef inter dis here house! De Lord men' it, I pray! Wonner what Marse Fillup Hempseed mean a-scornin' my bes' cook dishes? Better not keep on a-'spisin de Lord's good wittles—'deed hadn' he if he is Marse Fillup Hempseed! come to want bread if he does—'deed will he! Set him up! What he 'spect? Sen' him young ducks an' green peas? down dey comes antotch! try him wid lily white weal an' spinnidge? down it come ontaste! sen' up spring chicken an' sparrowgrass? all de same! I gwine

stop of it now, I tell you good! 'deed is I ain't gwine be fool long o' Marse Fillup Hemps'd's funnelly nonsense no longer! I gwine sen' him up middlin' and greens, or mutton an' turnups—you hear me good, don't you?"

"I wonder what does ail master?" remarked Hildreth.

"I know what ail him well 'nough! I know de reason why he wont eat his wittles!"

"What is it den?"

"He can't eat anyting else case he's—eatin' his own heart! An' it makes men mad—that sort o' eatin' does!"

"My Lors!" ejaculated Hildreth, in real or affected horror.

"Eatin' his own heart," continued old Hapzibah—"eatin' his own heart, wid his black eagle head an' hook nose poke down in his buzzum, a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Always a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Walkin' up an' down de peeazzy a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Stan'in' up to his screwtaw, tendin' to write, but only a-chawin' an' a chawin'! Settin' down at de table, a-chawin' an' a-chawin'—not my good wittles, mine you!—but his own heart—always his own heart! He better stop of it too! It won't 'gest nor likewise 'gree wid him! nor udderwise fetch Miss Margit home one minit 'fore she thinks proper for to come!"

"Well, den, ennyways, t'ink its 'pears mon'ous strange your Miss Marget don't come home ef our Marse Fillup wants her to come"—here put in old Neptune, one of the Helmstedt negroes.

"Set him up wid it!" indignantly broke in aunt Hapzibah—"set you an' your marse bofe up wid it! Who de sarpent! he? or you either? I reckon my Miss Marget allers went an' come when ebber she thought proper, 'fore ebber she saw de hook nose o' Marse Fillup Hempseed, or any his low life saut water niggers either—not as I tends for to hurt your feelin's, Nep—you can't help bein' of an' antibberous creetur like a lan' tarripin or a water dog, as 'longs to nyther to'ther, nor which! nor likewise to hit you in de teef wid your marster, who is a right 'spectable, 'sponsible, 'greeable gemplemun—ef he'd leave off a hookin' of his crook nose inter his buzzum an' a-chawin' his own heart—which he'd better, too, or it'll run him rampin' mad! you see, chillun! you see!"

One afternoon during the last week in May, Philip Helmstedt, as usual, walked up and down the beach in front of his mansion house. With his arms folded and his head bowed upon his chest, in deep thought, he paced with measured steps up and down the sands. Occasionally he stopped, drew a small spy-glass from his pocket, placed it at his eye and swept the sea to the horizon.

Before him, miles away to the westward, lay the western shore of Maryland and Virginia, cloven and divided by the broad and bay-like mouth of the Potomac—with Point Lookout on the north and Point Rogers on the south. Beyond this cleft coast the western horizon was black with storm clouds. A freshening gale was rising and rushing over the surface of the water, rippling its waves, and making a deep, low, thrilling murmur, as if Nature, the improvisatrice, swept the chords of her grand harp in a prelude to some sublime performance. Occasionally flocks of sea-fowl sailing slowly, lighted upon the islands or the shores. All signs indicated an approaching storm. Philip Helmstedt stood, telescope in hand, traversing the now dark and angry waste of waters. Far, far away up the distant Potomac, like a white speck upon the black waters, came a vessel driven before the wind, reeling against the tide, yet gallantly holding her course and hugging the Maryland coast. Marguerite might be in that packet, (as indeed she might have been in any passing packet for the last month) and Philip Helmstedt watched its course with great interest. Nearing the mouth of the river, the packet veered away to avoid the strong current around Point Lookout, and still struggling between wind and tide, steered for the middle of the channel. Soon she was clear of the eddies and out into the open bay, with her head turned southward. Then it was that Philip observed a boat put out from her side. A convincing presentiment assured him that Marguerite had arrived. The gale was now high and the sea rough; and that little boat, in which he felt sure that she was seated, would have but a doubtful chance between winds and waves. Dread for Marguerite's safety, with the eagle instinct to swoop upon and seize his coveted prey, combined to instigate Philip Helmstedt to speedy action. He threw down the spy-glass and hastened along the beach until he came to the boat-house, where he unfastened a skiff, threw himself into it and pushed off from the shore. A more skilful sailor than Philip Helmstedt never handled an oar—a gift inherited from all his sea-faring forefathers and perfected by years of practice. He pushed the boat on amid heaving waves and flashing brine, heedless of the blinding spray dashed into his face, until he drew sufficiently near the other boat to see that it was manned by two oarsmen, and then to recognize Marguerite as its passenger. And in another moment the boats were side by side. Philip Helmstedt was standing resting on his

oar, and Marguerite had risen with one low-toned exclamation of joy,

"Oh! Mr. Helmstedt, this is very kind; thank you—thank you."

He did not reply by word or look.

The wind was so high, the water so rough, and the skiffs so light that they were every instant striking together, re-bounding off, and in imminent danger of being whirled in the waves and lost.

"Quick, men, shift Mrs. Helmstedt's baggage into this boat," commanded Mr. Helmstedt, as with averted eyes he coldly took Marguerite's hand and assisted her to enter his skiff. The two men hastily transferred the little travelling trunk that comprised Marguerite's whole baggage—and then with a respectful leave-taking, laid to their oars and pulled rapidly to overtake the vessel.

Philip and Marguerite were left alone. Without addressing her, he turned the head of the skiff and rowed for the Island. The first flush of pleasure had died from Marguerite's face, leaving her very pale—with a pallor that was heightened by the nun-like character of her costume, which consisted simply of a gown, mantle and hood, all of black silk. For some moments Marguerite fixed her large, mournful eyes upon the face of her husband, vainly trying to catch his eyes, that remained smouldering under their heavy lids. Then she suddenly spoke to him,

"Philip! will you not forgive me?"

The thrilling, passionate, tearful voice, for once, seemed not to affect him. He made no answer. She gazed imploringly upon his face—and saw, and shuddered to see, that an ashen paleness had overspread his cheek, while his eyes remained rooted to the bottom of the boat.

"Philip! oh! heaven—speak to me, Philip!" she cried, in a voice of anguish, laying her hand and dropping her sobbing face upon his knee.

The effect was terrible. Spurning her from him, he sprang to his feet, nearly capsizing the skiff that rocked fearfully under them, and exclaimed,

"I do not know where you find courage to lift your eyes to my face, madam, or address me! Where have you been? Come, trifling is over between us! Explain, exculpate yourself from suspicion! or these waters shall engulph at once your sin and my dishonor!"

"Philip! Philip!" she cried, in a voice of thrilling misery.

"Explain! explain! or in another moment, God have mercy on your soul!" he exclaimed, drawing in the oar, planting its end heavily on the prow of the skiff, in such a manner that by leaning his weight upon it he could capsize the boat—and standing there, glaring upon her.

"Philip! Philip! for the Saviour's sake, sit down," she cried, wringing her pale fingers in an ecstasy of terror.

"Coward! coward! coward! you fear death, and do not fear me or shame!" said Philip Helmstedt, his eyes burning upon her with a consuming scorn that seemed to dry up her very heart's blood. "Once more, and for the last time, madam, will you explain?"

"Philip! mercy!"

"Commend yourself to the mercy of heaven! I have none!" cried Philip Helmstedt, about to throw his whole weight upon the oar to upset the boat, when Marguerite, with a shriek, sprung up and clasped his knees, exclaiming,

"Mercy! Philip! it is not my life I beg at your hands; it were not worth the prayer! but another innocent life. Philip, spare your child," and fainted at his feet.

The boat, shaken by this violent scene, was rocking fearfully, and he had much ado to steady it, while Marguerite lay in a dead heap at his feet. The phrenzy of his anger was passing for the present. The announcement that she had just made to him, her swoon and her perfect helplessness, as well as that majestic beauty, against the influence of which he had been struggling through all this scene, combined to stay his frantic purpose. He stood like a man awakened from a nightmare, recovered from a fever, come to himself. After cautiously trimming the boat, and letting it drift until it had spent the violence of the impetus, he took up the oar, turned its head, and rowed swiftly toward the Island. Pushing the skiff up upon the sand, he got out and fastened it, and then went to lift Marguerite, who on being raised sighed and opened her eyes and said, a little wildly and incoherently,

"You will never be troubled by any more letters, Philip."

"Ah?"

"No! and I will never leave you again, Philip."

"I intend that you never shall have the opportunity, my—— Marguerite."

She had, with his assistance, risen to her feet, and, leaning on his arm, she suffered herself to be led up the slope toward the house. The whole sky was now overcast and blackened. The wind so buffeted them that Marguerite could scarcely stand, much less walk against it. Philip had to keep his arm around her shoulders, and busy himself with her veil and mantle, that were continually blown and flapped into her face

and around her head. By the time they had reached the house, and despatched Forrest to put the boat away and bring the trunk home, the storm had burst.

All night the tempest raged. Marguerite, in the midst of all her private trouble, was sleepless with anxiety for the fate of the little vessel she had left. But for Philip, a navy might have been engulphed, and he remained unconcerned by anything aside from his own domestic wrong. The next morning the terrible devastation of the storm was revealed in the torn forests, prostrate fences and ruined crops. Early Marguerite, with her spy-glass, was on the look-out at the balcony of her chamber window, that was immediately over the bay window of the parlor, and commanded a magnificent sea view. And soon she had the relief of seeing the poor little barque safely sheltered in Wicomia inlet. With a sigh of gratitude, Marguerite turned from that instance of salvation to face her own doubtful, if not dangerous prospect. Philip Helmstedt, since bringing her safely to the house, had not noticed her by word or look. He remained silent, reserved and gloomy—in a mood that she dreaded to interrupt, lest she should again rouse him to some repetition of his fury on the boat, but that in every gentle and submissive way she sought to soothe, accepting all his scornful repulses with the patience of one offending where she loved, yet unable to do otherwise, and solicitous to atone. It was difficult to resist the pleading eyes and voice of this magnetic woman, yet they were resisted.

In this constrained and painful manner a week passed, and brought the first of June, when Col. Houston and his family came down to their seat at Buzzard's Bluff. Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt were seated at their cold, *tete-a-tete* breakfast-table, when Nelie's messenger, Lemuel, came in with a note announcing her arrival at home, and begging her dearest Marguerite, as the sky was so beautiful and the water so calm, to come at once and spend the day with her.

The mournful face of Marguerite lighted up with a transient smile; passing the note across the table to Mr. Helmstedt, she said,

"I will go," and then rang the bell and directed Forrest, who answered it, to conduct the messenger into the kitchen, give him breakfast, and then get the boat Nereide ready to take her to Buzzard's Bluff. The man bowed and was about to leave the room, when Mr. Helmstedt looked up from his note and said, "Stop!"

Forrest paused, hat in hand, waiting in respectful silence for his master's speech. After a moment Mr. Helmstedt said,

"No matter, another time will do; hasten to obey your mistress now."

The two men then withdrew, and Mr. Helmstedt turned to his wife and said,

"Upon second thoughts I would not countermand your order, madam, or humble you in the presence of your servants. But you cannot leave this Island, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"Dear Philip—Mr. Helmstedt! what mean you?"

"That you are a prisoner! That you have been such since your last landing! and that you shall remain such—if it be for fifty years—do you hear?—until you choose to clear up the doubt that rests upon your conduct!"

"Mr. Helmstedt, you do not mean this!" exclaimed the lady, rising excitedly from her seat.

"Not?—look, Marguerite!" he replied, rising, and following her to the window, where she stood with her large, mournful eyes now wildly glancing from the bright, glad waters without to the darkened room and the stern visaged man within. "Look, Marguerite! This Island is a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide—with many thousand acres, with deep, shady woods and pleasant springs and streams and breezy beaches—almost room, variety and pleasure enough for a home. Your house is besides comfortable, and your servants capable and attentive. I say your house and servants, for here you shall be a queen if you like——"

"A captive queen! less happy than a free scullion."

"A captive by your own contumacy, lady. And mark me. I have shown you the limit of your range—this Island! attempt to pass it and your freedom of motion, now bounded only by the sea, shall be contracted within the walls of this house; and so the space shall narrow around you, Marguerite, until——"

"Six feet by two will suffice me!"

"Aye! until then if need be!"

"Mr. Helmstedt, you cannot mean this! you are a gentleman!"

"Or was; but never a fool, or a tool, lady! God knows—Satan knows how strongly and exclusively I have loved—still love! but you have placed me in a false and humiliating position, where I must take care of your honor and mine as best I may. You cannot imagine that I can permit you to fly off, year after year, whither, with whom, to whom, for what purpose, I know not, and you refuse to tell! You left me no other alternative, Marguerite, but to repudiate——"

"Oh! no, no! sweet heaven, not that! You love me, Philip Helmstedt! I know you do. You

could kill, but could not banish me! I could die, but could not leave you, Philip!" interrupted his wife, with an outbreak of agony that started cold drops of dew from her forehead.

"Compose yourself. I know that we are tied together (not so much by church and state as by something inherent in the souls of both) for weal or woe, blessing or cursing, heaven or hell—who can say? But assuredly tied together for time and for eternity!"

"God be thanked for that at worst!" exclaimed Marguerite, fervently. "Anything—anything but the death we live, of absence from you, Philip! Oh! why did you use that murderous word?"

"You left me no other alternative, than to repudiate——"

"Ah!" cried Marguerite, as if again the word had pierced her heart.

"Or—I was about to say—restrain you. I cannot repudiate—I must restrain you. You, yourself must see the propriety of the measure."

"But, Philip, my husband, do you mean to say that I may not even visit Mrs. Houston?"

"I mean to say that until you satisfactorily explain your late escapade, you shall not leave the Island for any purpose whatever."

"Not even to visit Nelie?"

"Not even to visit Mrs. Houston!"

"Philip, she will expect me; she will come and invite me to her house; what shall I say to my bosom friend in explanation? or keeping silence, what shall I leave her to think?"

"Say what you please to Mrs. Houston, tell her the truth, or, decline to explain the motives of your seclusion to her—even as you have refused to exhibit the purpose of your journies to me. You can do these things, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"Oh, heaven! but the retort is natural. What will Col. Compton think or say?"

"Refer Col. Compton to me for an elucidation. I am always ready, Marguerite, to answer for my course of conduct, though I may seldom recognize the right of any man to question it."

"I could even plead for an exception in favor of my little Nelie; but that I know your inflexible will, Philip!"

"It is scarcely more so than your own; but now, do you forget that there is an answer to be written to Mrs. Houston?"

"Ah, yes," said Marguerite, going to the escrutoir that we have already named, and hastily writing a few words,

"Dearest Nelie, I am not well and cannot go to you; waive ceremony, beloved, and come to your Marguerite."

Meanwhile Mr. Helmstedt rang for Mrs. Houston's messenger, whom, he was informed, had gone down to the beach to assist Forrest in rigging the "Nereide."

"We will walk down to the beach and send him home," said Mr. Helmstedt, taking his straw hat and turning toward Marguerite. She arose to join him, and they walked out together across the front piazza, down the steps, and down the terraced garden, through the orchard and the timothy field, and finally to the sanded beach, where they found the two negroes rigging the boat.

"Mrs. Helmstedt will not go, Forrest, so that you may leave the barque. Lemuel you will take this note to your mistress, and say that we shall be glad to see the family here."

Marguerite had not been down on the sands since the stormy evening of her arrival, and now she noticed, with astonishment, that of all the little fleet of some half-dozen boats of all sizes, that were usually moored within the boat house, but a single one, the little Nereide, remained; and she saw that drawn into the house, the door of which was chained and locked, and the key delivered up to Mr. Helmstedt. When this was done and the men had gone, Marguerite turned to her husband for an explanation.

"Why, where are all the boats, Mr. Helmstedt?"

"Sold, given away, broken up, dispersed—all except this one, which will well serve the necessities of myself and men."

"But why, Philip?"

"Can you not surmise? You are a prisoner—it is no jest, Marguerite—a prisoner! and we do not leave the means of escape near such! I am not playing with you, Marguerite! You fled me once and maddened me almost to the verge of murder and suicide!"

"I know it! Oh, heaven, forgive me."

"And you must have no opportunity of repeating that experiment. Your restraint is a real one as you will find."

She turned upon him a look so full of love, resignation, and devotion, as she held out both her hands and said,

"Well! I accept the restraint, Philip. I accept it! Oh, my dear husband, how much more merciful, than that other alternative of separation! for your Marguerite tells you, Philip, that would it come without sin—she would rather take death from your hands than banishment! The one great terror of her life, Philip, is of loosing you by death or separation—she could not survive the loss, Philip, for her very life lives in your bosom! How can a widow live?

Your Marguerite could not breathe without you; while with you, from you she would accept any thing—anything! Since you do not banish her, do your will with her, you have the right—she is your own." A few more words sighed out upon his bosom, to which he at last had drawn her, and then lifting her head she murmured,

"And listen, dearest husband; give yourself no care or anxiety for the safe custody of your prisoner, for she will not try to escape. It is your command, dearest Philip, that binds me to the narrow limits of this Island, as no other earthly power could do. You know me, Philip! you know that, were I in duresse against my will, I would free myself, I would escape, were it only to heaven, or to Hades! Your bond, Philip, is not on this mortal frame but on my heart, soul, spirit, and I should feel its restricting power, were all nature else, beckoning me over the limits you have prescibed, and all opportunities favorable to the transgression."

"You love me so! you say your life lives within mine; and I believe it does, for you inhabit me, you possess me, nor can I unhouse you, incendiary as you are—and yet you will not give me your confidence; will not justify yourself before me; while I, on my part may not bate one jot, or title of your restraint, until you do."

"I do not arraign you even in my thoughts, love, so far from that, I accept you for my judge; I submit to your sentence! There is this dark cloud settled on my bowed head, love! (would it rested only on my own) and some day it may be lifted! In the meantime, since you do not exile me, do your royal will unquestioned with your own, my king! Ah, Philip! we are not angels, you and I; and we may never find heaven in this world or the next; but such as we are, even with this cloud between us, we love each other; on this earth we cannot part; and even in the next we must be saved or lost—together!"

"Marguerite, tell me! is there a hope, that one day, this mystery may be cleared up."

"Philip, dearest, yes! a faint hope that I scarcely dare to entertain."

During all this time she had been standing within his circling arm, with her face upon his shoulder, and her soft, fragrant ringlets flowing past his cheek. Now as she lifted her head, her wild, mournful eyes fell upon a distant sail skimming rapidly over the surface of the sparkling water, from the direction of Buzzard's Bluff.

"Nelie is coming, dear husband," she said, "but she shall know that it is my own pleasure to stay home, as it truly is, since you will it."

"No concealment for my sake, Marguerite! I tell you, I will answer what I do. Kiss me now, thou cleaving madness! before that boat comes."

On bounded the little sail boat over the flashing water, and presently drew so near that Nelie in her green hood could be recognized. And in a few more minutes the little boat touched the beach, and Nelie, with her two boys, as she called her step-sons, jumped ashore and ran to greet Marguerite and Mr. Helmstedt.

"And here are my boys, whom you have never seen before, Marguerite. Ralph speak to Mrs. Helmstedt. Franky that's not the way to make a bow, sir! pulling a lock of your hair, you must have learned that from Black Lem. Ralph does not do so; he's a gentleman," said the young step-mother.

Marguerite, who had embraced Nelie with great affection, received her step-sons with kindness. And Mr. Helmsted, who had welcomed the party with much cordiality, now led the way up to the house.

This was Mrs. Houston's first visit to Mrs. De Lancie Helmstedt's new home, and she was full of curiosity and observation.

"How rich the land is, Marguerite! I declare the Isle is green down to the very water's edge, in most places—and so well timbered. And the house too, how substantial and comfortable its strong, grey walls look. I like that bay window with the round balcony over it, to the right of the entrance; such an usual thing in this part of the country."

"Yes, my husband had it built just before he brought me home; the bay window abuts from my own parlor, and is arranged in memory of that 'celebrated' bay window of your father's library and music-room. The round balcony above it opens from my chamber, which is just over the parlor; both the window below and the balcony above command a magnificent western view of the bay, and the opposite shore of Maryland and Virginia, divided by the mouth of the Potomac—you shall see for yourself to-day."

"And yet it must be lonesome here for you, Marguerite. I do not understand how one like you, who have led so brilliant a life in the midst of the world, can bear to live here. Why, I can scarcely endure Buzzard's Bluff, although it is a fine old place, on the main land with neighbors all around."

"'My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy I find therein,'"

murmured Marguerite, with an ambiguous smile.

The day passed agreeably to all. Mrs. Houston had a budget of city news and gossip to open and deliver. And by the time that this was done dinner was announced; and when

that meal was over, Mrs. Houston reminded her hostess of her promise to show her through the house.

Nelie was unhesitating in her commendations of Marguerite's chamber.

"Rose-colored window curtains and bed hangings and lounge covers by all that's delightful; why, Marguerite, you have everything in civilized style in this savage part of the world!" Then they passed out of the chamber upon the balcony, and stood admiring the wide expanse of blue water, dotted here and there with islets, and the far distant coast, split just opposite by the river, and varied up and down by frequent headlands and inlets. Marguerite placed a spy-glass in her friend's hand.

"I declare, Marguerite, this Island lies along due east of the mouth of the Potomac. Why, I can see the pines on Point Lookout and Point Rogers with the naked eye—and with the aid of the glass, I do think I can see so far up the river as your place, Plover's Point."

"That is fancy, my dear; Plover's Point is fifteen miles up the river."

As the air was calm and the water smooth, with the promise of continuing so for the night at least, and as there was a full moon, Mrs. Houston felt safe in remaining to tea.

When she was ready to go home, and before she left the chamber, where she had put on her outer garments, she tried to persuade Marguerite not only to come very soon to Buzzard's Bluff, but to fix the day when she might expect her.

"You will excuse me for some time yet, dearest Nelie. The truth is, that I arrived at home the day of the last storm; in crossing in a boat from the schooner to the Island, the wind was high and the water very rough, and I received a terrible fright—was within an inch of being lost in fact; I have not entered a boat since—have not the least idea that I shall be able to do so for a long time," said Mrs. Helmstedt, evasively.

"Why, not even when the sea is as calm as it is this beautiful night?"

"I fear not—the sea is proverbially treacherous."

"Why, you do not mean to say that—rather than venture on the water—you will confine yourself to this Island all your life?"

"I know not indeed! life is uncertain—mine may be very short."

"Why, Marguerite, how unlike yourself you are at this moment. What! Marguerite—my heroic Marguerite, she who 'held the blast in scorn,' growing nervous, fearing storms, doubting still water even, thinking of death? Whew! there must be some noteworthy reason for this metamorphosis! Say, is it so, my dearest Mrs. Helmstedt?" inquired Nelie, with a smile half archness, half love.

For an answer Marguerite kissed her tenderly, when Nelie said,

"Well! well! I shall visit you frequently, Marguerite, whether you come to see me or not, for no change has come over your little Nelie, whom you know you can treat as you please—slight her, flout her, affront her, and she is still your little Nelie. Now please to lend me a shawl, for the air on the bay is too cool at night to make my black silk scarf comfortable, and I'll go."

Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt walked down to the beach with Nelie and her boys, saw them enter the boat which quickly left the beach, and, with the dipping oars raising sparkles of light in its course, glided buoyantly over the moonlit water toward the distant point of Buzzard's Bluff.

Philip Helmstedt and Marguerite were left alone on the beach.

Philip stood with folded arms and moody brow, gloomily watching the vanishing boat.

But Marguerite was watching him.

He turned and looked at her, saying in a troubled voice,

"Marguerite, you are the warden of your own liberty! You can speak, if you choose, the words that will free you from restraint. Why will you not do it? You punish me even more than yourself by the obstinate silence that makes you a prisoner."

"Philip, it is not as you think. I cannot speak those words to which you allude; but, Philip, beloved, I can and do accept your fiat! let it rest so, dearest, until, perhaps, a day may come when I may be clear before you."

"The air is too chill for you, come to the house," said Mr. Helmstedt, and without making any comment upon her words, he gave Marguerite his arm and led her home.

From that day forward, by tacit consent, they never alluded to the subject that gave both so much uneasiness. And life passed calmly and monotonously at the Island.

Mrs. Houston made herself merry in talking to her mother, who was on a visit to Buzzard's Bluff, of Marguerite's nervousness and its probable cause. And both mother and daughter waived ceremony and often visited the Island, where they were always received with warm welcome both by Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt. And not the faintest suspicion that there was any cause of disagreement between their friends ever approached the minds of either the Houstons or the Comptons. They saw the deep attachment

that existed between Philip and Marguerite, and believed them to be very happy. It is true that Mrs. Helmstedt's palpable ill-health was a subject of frequent comment on the part of Mrs. Houston, as well as of serious anxiety to Mrs. Compton.

"I fear that Marguerite will not live! I fear that she will die as her mother died," said the elder lady.

"I can scarcely realize that such a glorious creature should die; nor do I believe it! but she does remind me of that rich, bright, tropical flower that I bought at the conservatory in Richmond, and brought down to Buzzard's Bluff. It did not fade or bleach even in our bleak air; but dropped its head, wilted and died, as brilliant in death as in life. Marguerite lived out her glorious life in Richmond among worshipping friends—but now. And yet Philip Helmstedt loves her devotedly, loves her almost to death, as my little step-son, Franky, vows he loves me," said Nelie.

"'To death!' there is some love like the blessed vivifying sunshine, such as the colonel's affection for you, Nelie, and some love, like the destroying fire, such as Philip Helmstedt's passion for Marguerite. And I do not know that she is one whit behind him in the infatuation," replied her mother.

One morning, Mrs. Houston brought a new visitor to see the beautiful recluse of Helmstedt's Island, the Rev. Mr. Wellworth, the pastor of Rockbridge parish, on the Northumberland shore, a gentleman, who from his elevated moral and intellectual character, was an invaluable acquisition to their limited circle.

Mr. Wellworth expressed a hope that Mrs. Helmstedt would come to church, and also that she would call on Mrs. Wellworth, who would be very happy to see her.

But Marguerite excused herself by saying that her health and spirits were fluctuating and uncertain, and that she never left home, although she would, at all times, be very much pleased to receive Mr. and Mrs. Wellworth, whom she hoped would do her the signal favor to waive etiquette, and come as often as they could make it convenient or agreeable.

Readily admitting the validity of these excuses, the pastor took the lady at her word and soon brought his wife to visit her.

And excepting the family at Buzzard's Bluff, this amiable pair were the only acquaintances Mrs. Helmstedt possessed in the neighborhood.

Thus calmly and monotonously passed life on and around the Island; its passage marked that year by only two important events.

The first was the retirement of Col. Compton from political life, (dismissed the public service by the new President, Thomas Jefferson,) followed by the breaking up of his establishment at Richmond, and the removal to Northumberland county, where the colonel and his wife took up their abode with their daughter and son-in-law at Buzzard's Bluff. This event broke off the intimate connection between them and the bustling world they had left, though for a few weeks of every winter Nelie went to visit her friends in the city, and for a month or two, every summer, received and entertained them at Buzzard's Bluff. Nelie declared that without this variety she should go melancholy mad; and at the same time wondered how Marguerite—the beautiful and brilliant Marguerite—would endure the isolation and monotony of her life on the Island.

The other important occurrence was the accouchment of Mrs. Helmstedt, that took place early in October, when she became the mother of a lovely little girl. The sex of this child was a serious disappointment to Mr. Helmstedt, who had quite set his heart upon a son and heir, and who could scarcely conceal his vexation from the penetrating, beseeching eyes of his unhappy wife.

Mrs. Compton came and passed six weeks with the invalid, nursing her with the same maternal care that, in like circumstances, she would have bestowed upon her own daughter, Nelie, and often repeating cheerfully,

"When Marguerite gets well we shall have her out among us again," or other hopeful words to the same effect.

But Marguerite was never again quite well. Brighter and brighter, month after month, burned in her sunken cheeks and mournful eyes, the secret fire that was consuming her frame.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE VISITOR.

Speak! speak thou fearful guest!
LONGFELLOW.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy blood! SHAKSPEARE.

SPIRITUALLY speaking there is no such thing as time or space, as measured by numbers. For often moments in our experience drag themselves painfully on into indefinitely protracted duration, and sometimes years pass in a dream, "as a tale that is told."

Life passed monotonously to all on Helmstedt's Island; but most monotonously to her who might not leave its shores. Every one else among its inhabitants often varied the scene by going upon

the main-land on either side of the bay. Mr. Helmstedt went off almost every morning, not unfrequently remaining out all day to dine at Col. Houston's, Mr. Wellworth's, or some other friend's house. The domestic and out-servants relieved each other in turn, that they might go to church on Sundays, or visit their friends on the shore. Only Marguerite never upon any account left the Island. The Houstons and the Comptons would expostulate with her, and talk to Mr. Helmstedt, alike in vain.

"Indeed I cannot leave the Island, dear friends," would Marguerite say; without assigning any reason why she would not.

"Mrs. Helmstedt does not choose to leave home; it is her will to confine herself to the Island, and her will is a very dominant one, as you know," would be Mr. Helmstedt's explanation.

"I declare it is a monomania! Marguerite is a riddle. Here some years ago she used to run away from us all, and be absent six or seven months without deigning to inform us either where or why she went; now she chooses to confine herself within the limits of her Island home, without giving us any reason for the eccentricity. But I suppose, indeed, that it is all occasioned by the state of her nerves," would be Nelie's comment upon all this.

Meanwhile Mrs. Helmstedt passed her time in superintending her house and servants, all of which was faultlessly managed; in rearing her child; and in attending, as only a devoted wife can attend, to the personal comforts of her husband during the day, and in entertaining him and any chance visitor with her harp, or voice, or varied conversation, in the evening. Those days upon which Mr. Helmstedt was absent were the longest and heaviest of all to the recluse—but her greatest comforts were her child, her occupations, and the contemplation of the glorious scenery around her.

She could never weary of the "infinite variety" of the sea. Some days, in fine weather, when the sky was clear, the air calm, and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast, level mirror, framed far away by green shores, and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceable as heaven. Other days, when the winds were rising and the waves heaving, the whole sky lowered down upon the sea, the wild waters leaped to meet it, and clouds and waves were mingled together in dreadful chaos, like two opposing armies in mortal conflict. Some nights the whole grand expanse of the bay was changed into an ocean of fluid silver, with shores of diamond light, by the shining of the full moon down upon the clear water and glittering white sandy beach. Other nights, when there was no moon, the dark, transparent waters reflected clearly the deep blue firmament, brilliantly studded with stars. And between these extreme phases, under foul, or fair days, or dark or bright nights, there was every variety and shade of change.

When the weather and her engagements permitted, Mrs. Helmstedt, attended only by her faithful Newfoundlander, "Fidelle," passed much time in walking up and down the sandy beach, looking far out upon the free waters, or using her spy-glass to observe some distant passing ship and its crew. She made the most of the space allotted to her. The Isle, a mile long by a quarter broad, was about two miles and a half around. Often, to afford herself the longest walk, she started from some given spot, and following the beach made the circuit of the Island. A long and varied walk for a stranger; but monotonous to her who had no other, and who from her earliest infancy had been a natural rambler. She, who through childhood and youth, had delighted to wander out among the wild scenes of nature, and lose herself amid the pathless woods; or to spring upon her favorite steed and fly over hill and vale, miles and miles away; or jump into a boat, propelled by her own single hand, and explore the coast with its frequent points and headlands, creeks and inlets, felt most severely and bitterly this constraint upon her motions. She never complained, in word, or even in look; she accepted the suffering and hid it deep in her heart with her secret sorrow. Both prayed upon her health of mind and body. Daily her form grew thinner, and the fire in her cheeks and eyes brighter and fiercer.

Philip Helmstedt observed all this with pain and dread. Yet his pride and firmness would not permit him to yield one tittle.

This is a conflict between our wills, Marguerite," he said, "and one in which you should, at once, as you must sooner or later, yield."

"I will when I can, Philip!"

"You must, for you are very weary of this Island."

"I have not said so."

"You are very obstinate, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"I am very unhappy in offending you—that is a greater sorrow to me than my restraint."

"They are the same in fact. Remember, Marguerite, that you are your own custodian, and know how to get your liberty. Speak and you are free!"

"Would, indeed, that I might utter the words you wish to hear, Philip Helmstedt. Alas, I cannot!"

"Will not, you mean. Very well, Marguerite, then remember that you choose this confinement to the Island."

She bowed her head in proud, though sad acquiescence, saying, "Be it so! I accept your version of the affair, Philip. I choose this confinement to the Island."

Mrs. Helmstedt's immense wealth was for the present not only of no use, but of some vexation to her; it was troublesome to manage, upon account of her various estates being in places distant, or of difficult access; and some four or five times in the course of each year, it became necessary for Mr. Helmstedt to make a journey of three or four weeks for the settlement of accounts.

These absences were so trying to the secluded woman, who had no companion but her husband, and could scarcely bear to lose him for a day, that she suggested to Mr. Helmstedt that they should avail themselves of the first favorable opportunity to dispose of Eagle-flight, her mountain farm, and of her house on Loudoun street, in Winchester. Whereupon, Mr. Helmstedt, who desired nothing better, immediately advertised the property for sale and soon found purchasers. When the transfer was made and price paid, Mr. Helmstedt consulted his wife in regard to the disposition of the purchase money.

"Invest it in your own name, and in any way you see fit, dear Philip," she said.

And he probably took her at her word, for the subject was never renewed between them.

Plover's Point, her most valuable estate, being but fifteen miles up the river, on the Virginia side, was so readily accessible that it had been permitted to remain under cultivation, in the hands of an overseer, subject to the occasional supervision of the master. But at last an opportunity was presented of selling the place for a very liberal price, and Mr. Helmstedt made known the fact to his wife. But Marguerite declined disposing of Plover's Point upon any terms whatever.

"It was my mother's ancestral home, and my own birth-place, dearest Philip! As my mother left it to me, I wish to leave it to my daughter."

"As you please," said her husband, and dropped the subject.

A few days after that, he came to her with an inquiry whether she would be willing to give a lease of the property for a term of years. And glad to be able to meet his wishes at any point, Mrs. Helmstedt at once agreed to the proposition.

The new tenant of Plover's Point was Dr. Hartley, with his wife, son and daughter. They were a great accession to the neighborhood, for though fifteen miles up the river, they were in that sparse district considered neighbors. The Houstons, Comptons and Wellworths called upon them, as also did Mr. Helmstedt, who apologized for the non-appearance of his wife, saying that Mrs. Helmstedt suffered in health and spirits, and never left her home; and expressed a hope that they would dispense with form and visit her there. And this at last, Dr. and Mrs. Hartley decided to do, and after having once made the acquaintance of Marguerite, they felt powerfully attracted to pursue it.

About this time, being five years from the birth of her daughter, Marguerite became the mother of an infant son, who merely opened his eyes upon this world, to close them again immediately in death.

The loss of the babe was a severe disappointment to Mr. Helmstedt, and for that reason a heavier sorrow to Marguerite. Her health was now so enfeebled that her physician, Dr. Hartley, earnestly advised a change of air and scene; and his advice was warmly seconded by her friends at Buzzard's Bluff.

This consultation took place in the presence of Marguerite, who smiled proudly and mournfully.

Her husband answered,

"It shall be just as Mrs. Helmstedt decides; but as she has confined herself exclusively to her home, against the wishes and advice of all her friends, for more than five years, I greatly fear that she will not be induced, by anybody, to leave it."

Mrs. Houston replied,

"Think of it, Dr. Hartley. Mrs. Helmstedt has not set foot off this Island for nearly six years! enough in itself to ruin her health and spirits."

"Quite enough, indeed," said the kind-hearted physician, adding, "I hope, Mr. Helmstedt, that you will be able to persuade your wife to leave here for a time."

"I shall endeavor to do so," gravely answered that gentleman.

And when the visitors had all departed, and Mr. Helmstedt was alone with his wife, he took her white, transparent hand, and gazing mournfully into her emaciated, but still brilliantly beautiful face, said,

"Marguerite, will you have mercy on yourself? will you save your life? will you, in a word, make the revelation I require as your only possible ransom, so that I may take you where you may recover your health? Will you, Marguerite?"

She shook her head in sorrowful pride. "Have you so mistaken me after all these years, Philip! and do you think that the revelation I could not make for your dear sake six years ago, I can make now for my own? No, Philip, no."

And again, for a time, the harassing subject was dropped. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DREAM AND A REALITY.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Unfettered by a single care
I roved on Fancy's radiant wings,
Through scenes so bright, so Heavenly fair,
As ne'er are found 'mid earthly things.

Methought I saw a lovely stream,
Whose tranquil depths reflected bright
An azure sky, which morning's beam
Was flooding with a golden light.

And on its banks, where sweet perfumes
Like incense rose from myriad flowers,
Bright birds displayed their gilded plumes,
And filled with melody the bowers.

Angelic forms in bright array
Sported that chrystal stream beside,
Or 'mid the flowers wove garlands gay,
And cast them on its azure tide.

Stainless and pure they seemed to be,
Incapable of guile or wrong,
With hearts from care and sorrow free,
Like creatures of some poet's song.

The trusting confidence of youth
Made eloquent each beaming eye,
And spoke in words of Heaven-born truth
From lips ne'er soiled by flattery.

Transported with what seemed more fair
Than legends paint Elysian land,
I seemed to breathe enchanted air,
And on enchanted ground to stand.

I waked, and oh! how changed the scene,
How quick, alas! the enchantment fled,
When fancy dropped the radiant screen
That o'er the scene such brightness shed.

The stream a troubled flood had grown,
Whose surging waves tossed wild and high,
Dark shadows o'er the earth were thrown
From clouds that swept along the sky.

Still by the stream some flowers were strewn,
'Twere cheerless all without them now;
Though half their melody was gone,
The birds still sung on leafy bough.

The angels too were there, but oh!
Care-worn and earth-stained were they now,
And sin (of every charm the foe)
Had left its impress on each brow.

'Tis ever thus, when Life's wild stream
We deem a calm and sunny tide,
We wake to find 'twas but a dream,
And feel the storms that o'er it ride.

And vainly may we hope to find
Perfection 'mong the sons of earth,
For spotlessness of heart and mind
Are only found with Heavenly birth.

I'D LIVE A LIFE AMONG THE HILLS.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

I'd live a life among the hills,
Come, Mary, wilt thou live with me?
We'll have the music of the rills,
Or skylark's sweeter melody.
No angry words shall mar our rest,
'Twere hard if two could not agree,
We'll be so happy in our nest—
Come, Mary, wilt thou live with me?

I know a dear sequestered nook,
A sheltered spot, a happy place,
Oh! there the very flowers would look
More lovely, gazing on thy face;
I know a cottage far away—
But not too far for Love to flee—
Then, Mary, answer, yea? or nay?
Sweet Mary, wilt thou live with me?

The town is not a place for rest,
I'm weary of its garish strife,
And long with Nature to be blest,
And thee, dear Mary, as a wife.
How gladly through life's checkered day,
I'd share its weal and woe with thee!
Then, Mary, answer, yea? or nay?
Sweet Mary, wilt thou live with me?

HUSKING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Autumn is passed—the yellow corn was husked and deposited in ample graneries and groaning barns long ago—we know that as well as any one, but we love to talk of things that are passed, and so we sit down to tell you about a husking, a regular old-fashioned husking which took place two years ago.

At that time I was at school in M—— Academy. A glorious place that M——! splendid location on the beautiful river W——; flourishing manufactories, shops where (wonderful to relate) you could find what you wanted, and not everything that you did not want; three churches in good standing; three ministers (world's wonders!) that exactly suited the ideas of their respective people; two lawyers and four doctors made to order; and women who meddled with nobody's business but their own.

While at school I formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with a very pretty young girl, from far back in the country, by the name of Emma—Emma Seymour. Well, to come at once to the point, Emma invited me to go home with her to spend a vacation of four days, which the principal's business obliged him to have. As my own home was some sixty miles away, I consented to Emma's proposal; and at the expected time her brother, Walden Seymour, came for us with a horse and chaise. A delightful ride we had through a delightful section of country—broad meadows, swelling hills, tiny lakes, with the crimson maples and yellow beeches bending lovingly over their bosoms; and the blue-mist wrapped peak of Chocoruer looming boldly up in the distance. The ride was not long, only about fifteen miles, and by sunset the old farm-house appeared in view. Just the place for visiting—just the place for home enjoyment. A long, low house, with moss-grown eaves, situated in the very midst of a grove of elms; and the windows were curtained with the wild eglantine bushes, which climbed over the weather-stained porticoes. Then there were wide barns, and ample sheds attached, and yards full of good-natured looking cows, and demure oxen resting from their labors under the huge sycamores. All in keeping—nothing out of place—I was delighted.

Then such a reception as we met with! and such a supper! Chickens done a delicate brown, just the right shade, excellent white bread, golden butter, fragrant cheese, delicious custard, and then on one side, my own favorite dish, creamed apples! strange how they guessed it. Then we had a pleasant, sociable evening, before the great beech-wood fire, which the cool weather rendered grateful, chatting on popular themes, and eating walnuts.

The next day, at breakfast, Mrs. Seymour asked me how I should enjoy an old-fashioned husking—"red ears of corn," and all.

"Glorious! Mrs. Seymour, glorious!" I returned, with a school girl's enthusiasm.

"The boys have made preparations for a time, and if you'll enjoy it there's nothing to hinder it's coming off to-night—is there, Walden?" and Mrs. Seymour looked with all a mother's pride upon her eldest born, and I looked in that direction too. (N. B.—Walden Seymour was fine looking.)

Walden had no objections to offer, so the domestic preparations went on, and by sundown an epicure's heart would have been rejoiced at the array of eatables in the great kitchen closet. Pumpkin pies by the dozen, apple pies counted in the same way, heaping pans full of doughnuts, gingerbread, cranberry tarts, lemon cakes, snow-white biscuit: and in the side brick oven were steaming the most tempting plum-puddings only waiting to be devoured.

At an early hour the company began to assemble; some in carriages, some on foot, and a very few on horseback. Young, aged, middle aged, male and female, long faces and short ones, all crowding in together, anxious to see, hear, and know everything that passed.

Mrs. Seymour kindly introduced me to those young gentlemen whom she considered the "best matches," supposing (thoughtful old lady!) that I was anxious for a "settlement."

When all invited had arrived, we proceeded to the great barn, the floors of which were covered with the gathered ears, ripe and yellow, peeping out from their coverings of wan gold. Benches were ranged around the sides of the floors for the laborers, and huge baskets placed at a convenient distance awaited the "spoils."

Mrs. Seymour had, in the goodness of her

heart, dressed me in a long, blue apron of hers. Soon one great awkward fellow, with a superfluity of limbs, which, by-the-way, he had no definite idea of a fitting manner of disposing of, made room for me on the bench beside him, offering me his coat to sit on, "for fear," he said, "I should get my gowned siled." I thanked him, but declined his magnanimous offer.

He blushed up to his hair, and applied a red silk bandanna to his nose, not so much because that important organ required such attendance, as because he felt it necessary to do something, but was not certain what would be most appropriate.

"Oh," said he, when at last he found language, "you was intirely welcome, if you hadn't 'a been I shouldn't ha' said so!"

"Very fine evening, Mr. Hawkins," said I, wishing to draw the gentleman out.

"Tol'ble so—rather chilly, though—powerful bad for corn that hain't out; our'n is out, as much as tew acres of it, and the old man's got nobody to blame but hisself—I said he'd better git the corn in and let the taters alone, but he sed, no, he'd dig the taters first, and he did! Now, don't you think the corn ought to ha' been got fust?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hawkins; you must be right."

"Wal, there! you're quite a sensible gal arter all, now, ain't ye? The fust semernary gal that ever I seed that know'd beans! Em 'll be spilt if she stays down there to M—— much longer—begins to hold her head rather spyery aready!" (in a very low whisper) "did you know that John Stiggins wanted to stay with Em Seymour?"

"I know nothing of John Stiggins," I said.

"Law! hain't you heerd of that? why, I thought everybody from Dan to Bensheber knowed that! it's been the town talk! Wal, John is a well-to-do young feller, got a farm, and fifty dollars in the bank, but jest between you and I, he ain't over-and-above bright in the upper story; kinder thinks more of hisself than anybody does of him."

About this time there was a disturbance at the other part of the barn, girls screamed, some giggled, and I observed that many covered their faces in their hands and sat like "inanimate statues."

"What are they doing?" asked I, of my Hawkins.

"Golly! I guess you'll find out! he, he, he! he! Do ye know what kissin' is? eh?" And my amiable companion smirked up into my face, till I wished him the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Along come a Hercules of a fellow, swinging and brandishing far above his head an ear of red corn, and certainly, if he had been a prince of the royal blood, bearing the banner of his ancestors, he could not have borne himself more regally. To my inexpressible horror, I saw him eject an enormous quid of the Virginia weed from his capacious mouth, previous to making his way to my humble self, remarking as he did so, "Some gals don't like terbaccer!" As he said this, he made a low bow, which it is my private opinion, dislocated as much as one vertebra, and said,

"Marm, I'm a sort of a modest feller where there's perlite female women, and as I got the fust red ear, I 'spose you know what I've got to do? Don't ye?"

"No, sir, I am not overseer of your business, to my knowledge," I replied, in a tone intended to be as cold as Nova Zenbler.

"Good Lord! you hain't then? are ye? Wall, who sed you was, I wonder? If I must speak plain, I've got to kiss ye. Make way there, Tom Hawkins, and let me come!"

"Sam Smith," interposed my Hawkins, drawing himself up till he was terrible in his straining vest-buttons, "this lady is under my keer, and if you kiss her agin her will, I'll knock ye into the middle of next week in no time!"

Reader, if you'll believe me, Tom Hawkins looked interesting to me then.

Sam Smith turned up the yellows of his eyes, and as he "made off," I caught the muttered ejaculation, "Don't keer a snap! Sem gals allers paints and white-washes, they say—should 'a got my mouth full of it, I'll warrant," and Mr. Smith consoled himself with bestowing his caresses on a red-haired girl, with a nose like an ancient sugar bowl. Did him good, no doubt.

A song was called for, and a dozen different voices, singing a dozen different parts, not laid down in ordinary singing books, performed "Old Dog Tray" to the tune of "Old Hundred."

"Whoa! there!" called out my Hawkins, "that sounds like a rat runnin' on a shingle! sing it agin, and put some kind of life intew it, like this," and he immediately immortalized "Old Tray" in the stirring air of "Yankee Doodle."

By nine o'clock, the corn was finished, and safely deposited upon the wide floor of the great "corn-house." It was a cheering sight to look at it, and think of all the delicious puddings, "short cakes," "tea drops," and "brown Indian bread," in which it would form the principal ingredient.

The supper was highly relished, I have no doubt, for the rapidity with which eatables and

"drinkables" disappeared, reminded one forcibly of the account in the old story book of "the big toad that swallowed up the whole earth and himself after it."

As soon as supper was despatched, the girls set to work at clearing the table, and making ready the kitchen (as my Hawkins informed me) for a short season of old-fashioned "plays," in which kissing and peeping through chair-backs formed the principal part.

"Blind Man's Buff," was proposed, and Mr. Hawkins consented to be the first blind-folded, and in pursuing of a tall girl with a graceful curve in her back, which enabled her to pass safely through "narrow places," Mr. Hawkins unfortunately attempted to follow her beneath an enormous clothes pole, which occupied one corner of the room, when, alas, for human frailty! his head came in violent contact with the pole, and in less time than my lazy pen can write it, he lay upon the floor.

"No bones is broke!" observed that gentleman, after feeling to see if his drab-colored moustache was safe, (Emma declares it was nothing but a piece of buffalo skin fastened on with sticking plaster) and arranging his rumpled "dickey" before the looking-glass.

About twelve o'clock, some of the other people suggested the propriety of "being a-moving," and our interesting guests took their leave; each and every one urging me to come to "their house" to tea, before I returned to M——.

Mr. Hawkins gave me an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and in a low voice informed me, "that after all, he shouldn't wonder if that fall had hurt his left hip some," but urged me, "not to be worried about it; he'd got some stuff to hum, that would make it as good as new!"

"Carry," said Mrs. Seymour to me, as we were sitting at breakfast the next morning, "you have made a conquest. I shouldn't be surprised if Hawkins should ask an important question—soon." Aunt Seymour laughed pleasantly, and displayed her teeth—Mrs. Seymour had splendid teeth.

For the rest of my stay at the farm, we rode and walked, and romped to our heart's content; and the last afternoon, Welden left his work and went beech-nutting with us—just to please me, of course.

Scarcely would I have believed so much poetry lay hidden in the breast of that farmer boy as flashed out during our pleasant stroll that gorgeous October day. He told me that he hoped, one day, to be able to go to college, and in books of classic lore find that full fruition of his aspirations, which was denied him in the ordinary walks of life. And when I saw his dark eye kindle and his cheek flush, I knew that he would yet stand high in the temple of honor; and I was right. Through stony places his way lies even yet, but there is light upon the distant hills; and he will, in due time, sit down in its silent glory!

A few words more of Tom Hawkins. Mrs. Seymour was a true prophetess, for shortly after my return to M——, I received a note, making me an offer of partnership in the house of Hawkins. The cogent reasoning in favor of this "firm" was, as nearly as I recollect, as follows:

"Our cows is gittin' skittish of men folks, and mother is gittin' skittish of the cows; and I want a wife. Father's lame back gits worser instead of better, and he wants a sight of waitin' upon, and I want a wife—and I kinder took a shine to you at the huskin', and if you want a husband, I don't see how you can do any better than to take me! Hopin' to hev an onsur soon, I am

Your'n till deth does part us!

THOMAS HAWKINS."

My "onsur" was the simplest of all things.

"MR. HAWKINS—I decline your offer.

Yours, &c., C—— J——."

Emma is married now to a young lawyer; and I am the same "stray waif" as ever; but to let folk know that I have received one offer, I have told about Tom Hawkins.

IN HEAVEN.

EARTH was aglow with Autumn's deep'ning tints,
And the low music of old Ocean's wave
Came like the echo of a far-off strain.

Love's radiance lit that golden harvest time,
And the love ballad of Affection's lyre
Made earth all glory, like the Christian's Heaven.

Then life seem'd one long day of happiness.
But waking from that sweet, untroubled dream,
How cold and cheerless all the Future dawns!

A worn-out, weary heart, a care-toss'd soul,
I gaze upon the mystic gloom of night,
Less dark and shrouded than the mind within.

A spell is on my spirit—I can ne'er
Unclasp this mournful memory from my heart,
But bear it sacred 'till we meet again. J. A. E.

TWO WAYS OF MANAGING HUSBANDS.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Few things are more common in domestic life, than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastership; and thus human beings, who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her, and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband, when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Connor was a well-meaning man of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Connor was continually boasting no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Connor submitted to this thraldom very patiently, rather than contend with her, for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such dreadful passions that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in an ague; to secure his own peace he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in every thing.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Connor's weakness. "Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never! Poor Connor dare not say that the sun shines, without first asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed." Now this very positive over-bearing disposition on Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily; if she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure, it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Connor to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:—"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Connors, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Bluff Springs; they mean to go to-morrow." Says Mr. Cooper, "I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else I would go." "Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will." "Against your will indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go." "Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much; if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me." "Trouble in persuading you," said Cooper; "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to the Springs, for whether you will or not, there shall you go." "Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know when you take a thing into your head you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

"Well," retorted Mr. Cooper, "I will have my way, and to show you that I will, I will have a chaise at the door at eight o'clock." In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Connor set off, and soon after the Coopers. Mr. Cooper fully determined to convince his wife that he was master, his wife secretly delighted to think how well she had managed him.

There are too many wives, who are either like Mrs. Cooper, or like Mrs. Connor; and too many husbands, who either drive, or are driven.

Selfishness on one part begets selfishness on the other. A tyrannical husband makes his wife either broken-spirited or cunning. An exacting wife changes even a good husband into a dissipated or unmanly one. There should be mutual consideration for each other's wishes on both sides; and without this, indeed, true or permanent happiness, in the married state, is impossible. Neither husband nor wife should ever think of managing the other.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Behold the mountain monarch on his throne
Of granite, robed in mist, and crowned with light!
The sea which sighs forever at his feet
Showers kisses on him from the lips of shells,
And breaks like a great heart upon the shore.
Coquetting clouds, flushed with the glow of morn,
Fold their soft arms about his ample neck,
And on his shoulders weep delicious showers,
While he like a stern lover stands unmoved.
When thunder smites him with a lance of fire;
When hail, shot from ice-batteries in the clouds
Breaks on his unprotected head as though
The sky were an exploding shell; when winds,
Strong gusts, assault him with invisible wings,
And tumble avalanches down his sides,
Then hurl them into chasms deep and dark
Like moons rolled from their sphere into the night;
He leans against the stars, and quiet looks
Beyond the storm where Heaven is calm, serene.
Giant of earth! offspring of this fair orb!
Upon thy rocky pages I can read
The history of thy ancient mother Chaos.
Imperishable records of the past
Are chronicled in granite language here
In the Creator's own chirography.
I will ascend this stairway of the sky
To the bald peaks where eagles build their nests,
And wild goats browse amid the dangerous crags.
Thy awful shadow chills my ardent blood,
And haunts the valley like a Titan Ghost.
Up step by step I slowly wend my way,
Until I reach the summit which looks down
On vales below, "wide spread and beautiful."
This noble mountain lifts me from the world
In its white arms beyond the rosy clouds,
Where I may freely taste the virgin air
Unstained by fevered lips and foul breathed tubes.
The ocean, lashed by winds, crawls from the shore
Like a huge monster bellowing with rage;
Torrents unwind their shining threads from hills
About, into the fertile plain which seems
Another sea, whose grassy billows mock
The undulations of the adjacent deep,
He sees it all stern, heedless, and unmoved.

THE REALM OF DREAMS.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I wandered through the realm of dreams,
Where Fancy's visions throng,
And gazed upon its sunny streams,
So fair in light and song;
I watched the ever varying shade
Steal o'er the sunset hue,
And shifting colors burn and fade
Along its boundless blue.

No shadows from the realms of night
Across its fields were thrown;
No clouds to dim its azure light
Its sunny skies had known;
But radiant from its living source,
The tide of beauty came,
And scattered, in its golden course,
Its ever-burning flame.

Lulled by the echoes breathing sweet,
My spirit caught the glow
Which Time, upon its ceaseless beat,
Reveals to none below;
And Hope, amid its wandering,
Had reached its high desire,
Where glad fruition marks its reign
In bright, celestial fire.

Forgetful that its fairy light
Had aught of shadow deep,
I pictured in sweet Fancy's flight
The mystic realm of sleep;
But fading from my wondering eyes,
Like Hope's deceitful gleam,
I saw the golden vision rise,
And found it all a dream.

DEACON JONES' DAUGHTER.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

It was quite early in the morning, so early that the half-opened eyes of the sun were peeping drowsily over the mountain, and his "yellow hair" floating disheveled "upon the eastern clouds." Slowly he raised his great head; downward and downward fell his warm glances, until they reached the roof of Deacon Jones' barn, illuming it with fluid gold.

At this signal, the inmates of the poultry-house contiguous to the barn, having for some time testified their uneasiness by divers crowings and cacklings, floated down *en masse* from their airy stations and filled the barn-yard with commotion—geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, &c., speaking fast and joyfully in their several tongues, as if life were, to them, a blessing. Ah! did no faint foreshadowing, no dim foreboding of their coming doom, dampen the spirits of these fated fowls? For, gentle reader, Deacon Jones lived in Connecticut, and this was the day before Thanksgiving.

Deacon Jones' house looked quite ancient, but very pleasant, nestled under some maples, with a few antique poplars guarding it like sentinels. A column of smoke was already rising from its chimney, (for Deacon Jones was so old-fashioned as to have faith in that exploded maxim of one Mr. Franklin, viz: "Early to bed," &c.) The deacon, who was going through the yard with his milk-pail, observed the aforesaid column of smoke rising straight and high through the morning air, and with great satisfaction remarked to himself, "We ain't apt to git storms when the smoke goes up like that. A sartain sign o' fair weather," and selecting a golden pumpkin from a pyramid of them in the back yard, he entered the house. Let us follow him.

Within that ample kitchen all speaks of peace and plenty. The sunshine streams far across the painted floor; Bridget, the "hired girl," has spread the breakfast-table with scrupulous care; and a pleasant odor of coffee and buckwheat-cakes fills the room. Little Sammy, the son and heir of the Jones', has evidently just risen and made a hasty toilet; for his little check apron is buttoned up wrong; his yellow hair, "soft as the flax unspun," sticks up amazingly in a tangled shock of curls; he has on but one shoe, and sits gazing at the other with a bewildered and vacant aspect, for his thoughts are still in dream-land; he is but half awake. Bridget, suddenly observing his forlorn appearance, pounces upon him, bears him away to a back room with a pump in it, known as the "sink-room," subjects him to an ablution, and seizing a comb, ruthlessly straightens his golden locks; thereby causing his pretty blue eyes to fill with tears, while Bridget thus administers the balm of her consolation. "Sure, now, what a lookin' objick ye be, intirely! Isn't it yer blessed mar that's cummin home to-day, and wud she knows her own darlint in such a wig? Niver a bit of it!" and pulling the comb through with a final jerk, she left him. His face was bright enough, as he took his seat at the table and exclaimed, "Mother and Susy are coming home to-day." "Yes," said the deacon, "and perhaps Ally 'll come with 'em and bring her baby. I hope they 'll come in the morning train, for your mother 'll have enough to do fixin' for Thanksgivin'. I expect the new minister will come to town to-day; perhaps he'll come in the same train with them; and I shall ask him here to dinner to-morrow, and as he's a stranger, I should like to have something uncommon nice."

It has become evident that Mrs. Jones, the wife and mother, "the centre and sun" of the household, was absent. She had gone with her youngest daughter, Susan, to visit her eldest daughter, Alice, who, two years before, had married a thriving mechanic, and gone to live in the city of New York. Mrs. Jones had been from home a week, and was expected back to-day, to give the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving "fixings."

Mr. Dawes, who had for many years been pastor of the church of which Deacon Jones was an official member, had died the summer before, and his successor, Mr. Philips, a young clergyman from New York, was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon. He had never visited the neighborhood, and was a stranger to most of its inhabitants, consequently curiosity was on the *qui vive*, and ominous were the predictions of divers old ladies, that "he'd never make Father Dawes' place good."

Meantime the "train," which contained Mrs. Jones and Susan, was speeding along with

dizzy swiftness, over embankments and bridges, through forests and villages. Mrs. Jones was a gentle, pleasant-looking woman, with an expression of calm, good sense in her grey eyes; though her face was traced with lines of care, the invariable portion of the wife of a New England farmer. Susan was about eighteen years old, but looked younger, and so fair and fresh was she, that she put you in mind of a half opened rose-bud, with the dew and freshness of the morning upon it. "How provoking it is," said she, to her mother, who was ever and anon glancing from the window of the car with an uneasy expression, "that Allie couldn't come home with us to-day! Father and Sammy will be so disappointed. How provoking that the baby should take it into his head to have the whooping-cough, just at this time, of all others," and a slight pout of her rosy lips revealed two rows of clear, shining, perfect teeth.

"Babies are not usually very accommodating nor self-denying," said her mother, with a faint smile, "but for my part, I feel as if it would all be for the best that she couldn't come. I've felt all day as if something was going to happen. It is foolish, superstitious, perhaps, but I cannot shake it off."

"Oh, mother," said Susan, "don't talk so! you frighten me. You are nervous. We are but fifteen miles from home, why should you fear?"

"I do not fear, Susan, though there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits. I know that, whatever happens, I am in the hands of God, and have nothing to fear."

At this moment the whistle gave a sudden, piercing shriek—Mrs. Jones involuntarily put her head out of the open window to see what the matter was. There was a jerk, a twitch—a vibratory motion—a crash—and all was darkness.

As soon as Susan recovered her thoughts, she found that she was half stifled beneath a pile of passengers, all of whom were struggling to regain their feet, making her position a perilous one. She clung desperately to the cushioned back of a seat which she felt near her, and for a moment lost her consciousness. Soon she became aware that a gentleman was assisting her through an aperture of the shattered car, and she passed through and stood in the open air, unharmed, save a few slight bruises, but so frightened that she could hardly stand. It appeared that the engine and the foremost car had been thrown from the track by running over a cow; and were now lying in a ditch at the foot of a steep embankment; but the couplings having providentially broken, the rest of the train was left standing upon the track. The conductor soon made his way among the stunned and terrified group of passengers, and ascertained that no one was materially injured; but their number was not all there; one was missing! "Oh! mother! mother!" cried Susan, in gathering terror, but no answer was returned. Getting more alarmed and excited every moment, she wrung her hands and ran distractedly to and fro among the passengers. The conductor, with several others, proceeded to examine the broken car, and soon ascertained that the lifeless remains of poor Mrs. Jones were lying partly in and partly under it. The horror-stricken, yet compassionate faces which they turned toward Susan, told her the dreadful truth as plainly as any words could have done, and a deathly sickness of agony struck to her heart; and every eye in the group of passengers was wet with sympathy and pity. Alas for the fair young girl, left motherless in the dawn of womanhood. Alas for poor little Sammy, who waits at the depot with his check apron nicely smoothed over his fluttering, expectant little heart, to receive the first kiss from the mother he will never see again!

When at last the car was raised up, and the mangled, crushed remains were placed upon a shutter, although Susan entreated wildly and passionately, and prayed upon her knees to be permitted to behold her mother; in very pity and humanity they restrained her, lest the sight should drive her mad.

Poor, poor Susan! she clung to a post of the fence which crossed the marshy meadow where they were standing, and leaned heavily against it in the utter blankness of despair. So stunning was this terrible blow of her first sorrow, that it seemed as if she were dreaming some frightful dream, from which she prayed God in mercy soon to awaken her. She saw as in a dream the mellow autumn landscape; the distant mountains veiled with silver mist-like floating gossamer, the river winding through the brown meadows, and the sad and awe-struck faces near her; but all seemed like a dream.

"I think I am not mistaken in taking you for a clergyman?" said the humane conductor, to a young man standing near. "Do, for the love of heaven, take charge of the poor child, and see what you can do to comfort her. Ladies and gentlemen, we are not half a mile from the next station; you had better proceed thither on foot, and remain for a few hours, when, I trust, we shall be able to proceed."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will

sustain thee," said a low voice at Susan's side, modulated to the softest tones of sympathy and compassion. Still hoping that her agony was but a dream, from which some one was about to awaken her, Susan looked up at the speaker. He was a young man, evidently less than thirty years old, dressed in a clerical suit of black, and holding his hat in his hand, having involuntarily and reverently bared his head in the awful presence of death and sorrow. Susan uttered no sound, and the stranger continued to speak on. Susan made no reply, save by a burst of tears, yet she suffered him to assist her up the embankment, and soon, with the other passengers, she was sheltered in a little inn at the railway station, and in about two hours was proceeding on her journey, while her stranger-friend, seated by her side, was gently leading her thoughts, by his words of strong and undaunted faith, up to that better country, where there shall be no sorrow nor sighing, no darkness nor shadow of death.

"A coffin!" exclaimed Deacon Jones, as the train stopped, "and to be left here. Whose can it be? Here comes Susy. Bless me, child, what is the matter with you? Where is your mother and Ally?"

"Oh, Susy! Susy!" cried Sammy, running up with his sweet face all a-glow, "Oh! I'm so glad you've come. I've been good all the time you've been gone. I have gathered a peck of chestnuts, and I'm going to give every one to you and mamma. But where is she?"

Poor Susan! what could she do but sit down and cover her face with her hands in utter helplessness. But her unknown friend came forward, and with the most careful kindness and gentleness, broke the fearful tidings. Let us not dwell upon the scene. It is every day enacted in some part of the broad earth, for hearts are daily broken, and mourners daily go about the streets; and so it must be until Christ shall put all enemies under his feet; and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Brightly shone the sun, the next morning, upon a thousand happy New England homes, alive and brisk with festive preparations. It shone upon a thousand happy faces which had turned from the conflict of life, to rest for that day under the roof-trees of their childhood; upon scores of pleasant churches, where the people would assemble that day to join in anthems of thanksgiving; upon silvered heads and failing eyes, which were to be gladdened that day by the sight of their long-scattered children, all gathered once more round the ancestral hearth. It shone also upon Deacon Jones' stricken and desolated household, but it seemed to bring no warmth nor comfort. In the darkened parlor was a closed coffin; closed never to be opened; in their hearts was a void, never to be filled on earth. Sammy was still in his little bed; moaning, with flushed cheeks, in his heavy sleep for "Mamma, mamma!" and his yellow curls were still damp with tears. As Susan moved noiselessly around the house, every object she saw seemed to stab her to the heart. There was her mother's work, with the needle just as she left it; there was her Bible with the leaf turned down where she had last been reading.

The dreary hours of the morning and midday at last wore away, and late in the afternoon the little band of mourners were seated in the church, together with a large number of people who had assembled to pay the "last rites man pays to man." All was still within the church. The low, soft notes of the organ first vibrated upon the silence, and then many united voices solemnly chanted, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The tones died away, and the minister read in a low, clear voice, which thrilled distinctly through the crowded church, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come up to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." An undefinable sense of consolation entered Susan's heart, and for a moment she raised her drooping head to look at the speaker. It was her stranger-friend of yesterday, and she observed that his left arm was supported by a sling. The sermon proceeded. How soothingly each comfort-laden word fell upon the ears of that waiting congregation! how earth and its cares faded away! and how bright and near appear the eternal shores! It seemed as if the glowing faith of the speaker shed some portion of its influence upon all present; for at the conclusion of the sermon and prayer, instead of singing a funeral hymn, they burst forth, almost involuntarily, into a triumphant anthem of thanksgiving.

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high!
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!"

Then that closed coffin into which no tear of love might fall, no last lingering look of love be directed, was consigned to dust, and the mourners sought their home.

But, oh! the loneliness and dreariness of that home, when the twilight fell, with its gloom and shadows. And how the heavy consciousness of their loss came upon them when the lamps were lighted, and they gathered round the fire as usual. But soon there was a knock at the door, and as

Bridget opened it, Susan recognized, with feelings of grateful relief, the face of the new minister. He knew his presence, that evening, must be a comfort to the lonely family, and a great comfort it was.

"I see that your arm is bandaged," said the deacon, soon after his arrival, "were you, too, injured by your fall yesterday?"

"Yes," was the reply, "my arm was seriously bruised, but the physician hopes the bone is uninjured."

"Why did you say nothing of it yesterday?" inquired Susan, suddenly.

"I did not wish to trouble you, my child," said he, kindly, "you had enough to bear."

Susan said no more, but she thought of the fortitude with which he had concealed his own suffering, while he had been so kindly endeavoring to comfort her, and she began to reflect that there was something selfish in her own utter abandonment to grief, and that, for the sake of her father and brother, she should conceal her sorrow, and do what she could to lighten theirs. And she thought of it still, even when the evening was far spent, and the last words of the minister's fervent parting prayer had died away, and he had gone. And that night she earnestly besought of God that she might "suffer and be strong."

And bravely she acted upon her resolution during the long, long months of the following winter. Never had the house looked more cheerful and tidy, never had the work been more carefully "seen to," never had little Sammy's curly hair been more nicely brushed. Yet she met with many trials and discouragement in her youth and inexperience: there were many nights when her pillow was wet with half despairing tears; and there were days of care and perplexity when the want of her mother pressed heavily upon her heart.

But the nearest neighbor, old Mrs. Baker, was, as the saying went, "a kind, motherly soul," and to her Susan went with many of her troubles to have them smoothed. Many invaluable instructions in the mysteries of "doin' up sass," "puttin' down meat," "spungin' bread," &c. &c., did Susan receive from her kind old friend, who, though somewhat addicted to gossiping, was nevertheless a great assistance to her.

Mr. Philips, the minister, was always a welcome visitor. He had lost his young wife two years before, and his only child was a fair, delicate girl of three years, of whom Susan soon became very fond; perhaps in sympathy for her motherless condition. As the parsonage was quite near, Susan would often send Bridget over to bring little Ella home with her to spend the day, and Mr. Philips never seemed better pleased than on such occasions. Indeed, Mr. Philips' very frequent visits at the deacon's had become the theme of various speculations in the vicinity. It was surmised by some single ladies who were wont to watch the minister's movements, that the deacon's pretty daughter was quite as much the cause of those frequent visits as the transaction of church business with the deacon. But not a syllable of this had reached Susan's ear, and if it had, she would have rejected the idea with indignation. She regarded the minister with a respect, a reverence amounting to awe. She thought him a person of almost superhuman perfection, but the idea of marrying him had no more entered her mind than that of wedding the "man in the moon."

The winter at last passed away, "the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." Deacon Jones' house was attacked by that semi-annual epidemic which rages in New England, known as "house-cleaning." It was a soft, warm day when the symptoms appeared in the form of a yard full of blankets hung to dry, while in the green field in the rear of the house might be seen Bridget, with her substantial arms bared to the shoulders, shaking and beating carpets with all her might. Within the house all was dire confusion, bedsteads taken to pieces and "piled up," curtains removed, furniture thrown together in heaps as if by an earthquake. The panic had not yet extended to the cozy sitting-room, nor to the kitchen, where Susan stood in trouble and perplexity. The morning was wearing away, there was everything to be done, and there was a veal-pie to be made for dinner, and she knew not how to prepare it; and Bridget, usually the kindest of her kind, was cross and hurried, and refused to leave her cleaning for all the "vale-pies in the counthry." Susan's eyes were full of tears, of care, and vexation, when they suddenly lighted upon the huge bonnet of old Mrs. Baker passing the kitchen windows. Susan sprang to meet her with a cordial and beaming face, and an earnest and child-like entreaty for her to stay and help her out of her trouble. "Yes, child," said Mrs. Baker, "I thought I'd come over and stay a spell. I reckoned you might want my help, as you ain't much used to house-cleanin'. Is it a veal-pie you're makin'? Mercy! you wasn't a calculatin' to put in all that saleratus, was you? 'Twould spile it! You jest put away my bunnit and give me an aperon, and I'll mix up the crust for you."

Accordingly the old lady's bonnet was put

away, and before her skilful hands and motherly instructions Susan's perplexities vanished. The house-cleaning progressed finely, and an excellent dinner was on the table in good season. Soon after, Mrs. Baker resumed her bonnet. "Oh, don't go yet," pleaded Susan, "do stay all the afternoon; it is so lonesome."

"If I'd a fetched my knittin' work," said Mrs. Baker, "I could a stayed as well as not; but I can't set idle all the arternoon."

"But I will send Sammy over after your work, and you shall stay with me. Come, take this rocking-chair and let me make you comfortable. You are so kind to me," and the bright, young face beaming with gratitude, which Susan turned toward her kind old friend, pleaded powerfully. So Sammy was despatched for the knitting, and the matron took the cozy chair by the fireside, and commenced gossiping upon a subject which was evidently near her heart. "Susy," said she, as the girl drew a low ottoman to her feet and sat down upon it, "Susy, you're gettin' to be the nicest little housekeeper in the world; and I ain't the only one that knows it neither. I expect to see you a keepin' a house of your own afore long, if reports is true."

"What reports, Mrs. Baker?" inquired Susan, with curiosity.

"Oh, Susy, don't fancy you can blind me by lookin' so unsuspectin'. What everybody says must be true. Mr. Philips don't come here so much for nothin', and he's worthy of you, if any body is, for a piouser young man never lived. Old Miss Pearson and Marthy Ann was into our house yesterday, and they was a speakin' about it. They said they thought his object in marryin' was to git a housekeeper, and somebody that could take care of little Elly; she needs better care; she's lookin' pale and delicate. They said they thought you was ruther young for a minister's wife; but I told 'em you would make a good step-mother. Now I think the best thing Mr. Philips can do is to git married at once. 'Twould not only save the expense of hirin' a housekeeper, but Elly would have better care."

Hitherto Susan had listened in silent indignation, but there was a gathering fire in her eyes, and now the explosion came. "Mrs. Baker," said she, springing to her feet, "I should think people would do well to attend to their own affairs before distressing themselves with mine. I am not yet necessitated to go into employment either as housekeeper or nursery-maid, and if forced to gain a livelihood, should prefer some other calling. Mrs. Baker, you will oblige me by never mentioning the subject again. It is too absurd." The good old lady was thunderstruck by this sudden burst of petulance in her usually docile and gentle young friend, and said but little more during her stay, although Susan, soon penitent and ashamed of her unwonted flash of anger, talked to her in the kindest and humblest manner possible.

That evening, the deacon went to visit at a neighbor's and took Sammy with him. He urged Susan to go also, but she declined. As soon as they were gone she burst into indignant tears. That every one should be talking of her marrying Mr. Philips vexed her, and the idea of wedding any one for the sake of curtailing domestic expenses, grated harshly upon her romantic dreams. And then the minister was very different from the ideal vision which sometimes flitted through her mind, of some model youth six feet in height, and not more than twenty-one years of age, with the darkest of hair and eyes, and the most commanding of miens. (We are all dreamers at eighteen.) Mr. Philips was not above the medium height, his appearance was more winning than commanding; his hair—it must be said—was slightly tinted with the Saxon red, Susan's aversion. And he was almost thirty! how could people talk as they did? She wrought up her imagination to such a pitch that she actually thought herself abused and wronged, and she was still sobbing over her imaginary wrongs, when there was a knock at the hall door, and before she had time to wipe away her tears the minister entered. He advanced and took her hand as usual, (she would have run away if she had the opportunity) but on observing her tears, there was the deepest sympathy expressed upon every lineament of his face. Indeed, as he looked down upon her sweet, young, blushing face, all wet with tears, like a rosy blossom sprinkled with the dew of morning; and when he thought how very rough the path of life must be for that slight form to travel alone, he longed to take her in his arms and shield her, as far as possible, from every earthly trouble. But he only sat down calmly by her side. It was a very unpropitious time for him to proffer his suit, but he did so nevertheless, and unfortunately concluded his pleading by an allusion to Ella's motherless condition and want of care. This made Susan indignant again. It is needless to say that he received a very decided rejection, in words more petulant than pleasant. He received it with a look of sorrowful surprise, but not with that tragical air of despair which Susan had decided should belong to rejected lovers as a class. "My child," said he, soon after, ("child!" thought she, contemptuously,) "you have destroyed a very pleasant dream, but

I have no right to murmur at your choice. May God bless you, and make you happier than you would have been with me. Good night," and he was gone.

Now Susan sat down and cried in good earnest, and this time not without reason, for she had lost the golden opportunity of her life; she had voluntarily closed against herself the gates of earthly happiness. In vain did she try to work up her imagination to its former pitch; the scales had fallen from her eyes; her feelings had undergone a sudden revulsion. She thought of all the minister's deeds of unassuming kindness, ever since that dreadful day when she first saw him, and her self-condemnation and repentance were most bitter. "Oh!" thought she, "if my mother had lived she would have told me better! I did not know my own mind, and it was so sudden; and there was none to advise me!" She felt that she could forgive Mr. Philips for being but five feet nine inches in height; could forget his venerable age; and even his red locks seemed like the luminous halo encircling the forehead of a saint. Her pillow that night was a thorny one.

For several succeeding days she saw nothing of Mr. Philips; then she heard from the neighbors that little Ella was very sick. Owing to the carelessness of her attendant she had taken a severe cold, which, settling upon the lungs, had produced fever. This report was confirmed by Mrs. Baker, who called in just at dusk. "I've come over, Susan," said she, "to see'f you'll go there and watch with me to-night. Miss Hinman sat up last night; and Marthy Ann Pearson the night afore; and I told 'em I'd come to-night; but she's so dreadful sick that I don't like to set up alone. I'm afraid she won't live through the night." With a heavy, heavy pain at her heart, Susan signified her willingness to go. Mrs. Baker continued, "Mr. Philips is about wore out, though he don't make no complaints. He hain't left her bedside for three nights." Susan said nothing, for she dared not trust her voice, but she immediately accompanied her friend to the parsonage. On arriving, she was struck with grief and fear to see the change which a few days had wrought in the child. Ella's little face was flushed purple with the fierce fever which seemed to be consuming her young life. Her breath was quick and difficult, her once beautiful violet eyes were blood-shot and vacantly staring, and her soft, fair ringlets were thrown back upon the pillow away from her heated face. As Susan bent down and touched her lips to the burning little forehead, her tears fell fast and thick; and looking up she met the eyes of Mr. Philips. He was pale, almost haggard from anxiety and watching; but his features wore a look of calm and lofty resignation; and he greeted Susan with his accustomed kindliness. The physician was there intending to spend the night, and he implored the minister to go and take some rest; assuring him that he should be called if there was the least change; and at last, yielding to the persuasion, Mr. Philips left the room.

Long, and slow, and painfully anxious were the hours, until near midnight, while Mrs. Baker, Susan, and the doctor, watched by the little sufferer. Then her moans grew fainter and fainter, her breath slower and slower, until it was hardly perceptible, while the purple flush faded from her face leaving it colorless as clay. Susan, in her great alarm, was scarcely less pale than the unconscious child over whom she bent. "Had you not better call Mr. Philips," she gasped. The doctor poured a few drops of some restorative into the parted lips of the child, and seeing Susan's tremor, said, "You are faint. You had better go out a few moments" She left the room, almost doubting whether she had strength to do so. As she went out, she saw a light shining through the half-open door of Mr. Philips' study, which was on the opposite side of the hall, and Mr. Philips himself within, sitting by a table upon which a shaded lamp was burning. His folded hands rested on an open Bible, and she heard him softly repeat those words once spoken in an hour of bitter agony, by the holiest lips that ever spoke, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done," and he raised his eyes upward with a sublime expression of faith and resignation. Susan softly glided in, and approaching the table, burst into tears. He looked up in alarm, apprehending that she had come to tell him that the child was dying.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

As soon as she could command her voice, which was choked with sobs, she said, obeying the impulse of her full heart,

"Mr. Philips, I am not worthy even to speak to you; but you comforted me in the darkest hour I ever knew, and I wish I could say something to comfort you now," and again she wept bitterly.

"My poor child," said he, compassionately, "is it for my sorrow you are grieving thus? There is no need. My treasures are laid up where not even death can destroy them. If God sees fit to take my little bud, this world will be lonely without her; but it will be but for a little while, and then I shall meet her in Paradise

expanded to a perfect blossom. Do not tremble so! let us go to her."

Gently taking her hand, he led her toward the sick-room, but when they reached the door she stopped.

"Oh!" said she, "before you go in, forgive me for being so cross and rude to you, the other night, or I shall never be happy again! I was excited and angry before you came in—and I hardly knew what I said—I did not know my own mind—I have been very unhappy ever since."

And her pale and tear-wet-face, her uplifted, beseeching eyes, testified to the truth of what she said. There was a light, almost of gladness upon the minister's face, as he stooped and softly touched his lips to her forehead.

"Susan," said he, "even in this hour of darkness and of the shadow of death, your words have given me a great happiness. Forgive you! We will talk about it another time," and retaining her trembling hand, he led her into the chamber, and to the bedside of his child. Susan approached it with awe and fear, almost expecting to look upon death. The child was lying with closed eyes, motionless and waxen-white, but her breath, though very faint, had become calm and regular. The long and painful conflict between nature and disease was over, and nature had gained the victory. The first one who spoke was the kind physician, softly saying,

"The crisis is past, and the child's life is spared! The fever has left her, and nothing now is necessary but great care and attention."

Poor Mr. Philips, he had prepared his mind to bear a great sorrow with firmness and strength, but this great joy completely overcame him. He hastened from the room to return his rapturous thanksgivings to the Giver of Life.

When the day dawned, Susan went home with a light step and a lighter heart. The child convalesced rapidly. It was not many days before Mr. Philips called and requested a private interview with the deacon. What business was transacted during that interview we are not at liberty to divulge, but it was something which gave the deacon great satisfaction. Yet when he whispered to Susan about it, her face became redder than the June roses.

In a few weeks little Ella was so far recovered that she was wrapped in shawls and taken to the deacon's for a visit. In the evening, Mr. Philips went there also, and the little circle of faces in the cozy sitting-room was bright with subdued happiness. Thus we leave Susan, merely saying, that the predictions of "Old Miss Pearson and Marthy Ann" will probably be confirmed.

ABSENCE THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

'Tis said that absence is the grave of love,
And that he liveth only by the light
Of tell-tale eyes
That are with beauty beaming,
Like golden stars whose rays are streaming
Upon the still and solemn night;
And that when lovers separately rove,
He languishes and dies.

Who doth believe it hath too small a faith
In man's diviner part,
To wit, the nat'ral heart,
Which keepeth till the evening of its death
The first impressure of its Maker's front
With native clearness stamped upon't.

For true love is immortal;
Its birth-place is the skies;
It never languishes or dies;
The more the absence of the loved one lengthens
The more it strengthens,
Forming a chain that lasts forever;
And nought can sever
Its golden linking, separation
Is true love's confirmation:
Instead of weakening the tie
It feeds its constancy,
And gives it strength and lustre, till the heart
That beateth distant from its counterpart,
More tenderly for love's sweet nurture yearns,
And with new-born affection burns
To hasten back to her whose tendernesses
And delicate caresses,
Reward it sweetly for the anguish
It suffered while 'twas doomed to languish
Absent from its dear idol. Then ne'er fear
That absence shall estrange my heart from thee;
Each month of absence make thee doubly dear,
And doth entreat my feet to flee
The fortune that detains me here,
So far from her whose faithful love
Is all the world to me.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

Hundreds of years ago, before the foot of the white man had pressed the soil of New Hampshire, there dwelt in that state a powerful tribe of Indians, whose name is now almost forgotten. Their dominion extended from the White Mountains on the north to the ocean on the south, and from the Androscoggin to the Connecticut on the east and west. They were feared and respected by the neighboring tribes, not so much for their wisdom in government, or greatness of character, as for the skill and power they displayed in the savage warfare that was continually waged between the contending chiefs. Accustomed to danger and hardships in every form, and taught to consider themselves invincible, they had learned to regard life as valueless if its price was victory, and that death an honor which was won in the heat of battle. The only enemy whom they had reason to fear lived at the North, but the icy mountains separated them, and though the most deadly hatred was cherished by each, the bond of peace which had been imposed by the Great Spirit, could not be broken with impunity. The deep animosity and jealousy that existed between them, was only governed by that superstition and fear, that is so potent with uncivilized man. The rival tribe was also very powerful, and as unyielding as themselves. Their braves were strong and fearless, and in battle they were like the fierce wind that sweeps everything before its fury. Their wigwams were covered with the scalps of their enemies, and the sacred beads that were too numerous to count, told how many of the enemy had fallen before their tomhawks.

The hatred that existed between the rival tribes only increased with the passage of years. They held no communication, and avoided each other as much as possible.

Many moons before, Wacouza, the young chieftain of the North, had loved the daughter of his rival, and his affection was returned. He first saw her paddling her light canoe over the little lake, and from that moment a wild passion filled his soul, that it was vain for him to attempt to smother. He watched her till she had landed upon the opposite side, and then unbending his bow, and fastening his quiver upon his shoulder, he retraced his way over the snowy mountains, forgetful of everything except the Indian maiden. He became more silent and taciturn, refusing to answer any questions which his warriors asked, and passed his time in his wigwam, with no living creature to keep him company except his faithful dog. The battle-field and the chase had no pleasures for him, and it was in vain that his braves sought to draw him from his seclusion, and awake his mind from the lethargy into which it had fallen.

Suddenly, he again resolved to cross the mountains. He filled his quiver with his best arrows, strained his bow, and departed at the close of day, without informing any one of his destination. The withered leaves rustled in his path, and the naked branches threw their shadows before him, but he pressed on with measured steps, unmindful of the deep darkness of the trackless forest, or of the autumn wind that sighed through its branches. It was a long journey, but the chieftain's limbs were strong, and his heart was fearless. He climbed up the steep sides of the mountains till he reached the highest summit, covered with the first light snow of the season, and then descending upon the other side, he gained the cover of the forest that circled the little lake, just as daylight was tinging the East with red. Here, in the depths of the woods, he felt secure, though in an enemies' country, and throwing himself upon the ground to refresh his weary nature, he watched the light smoke curl up in the distance from the wigwams of his foes.

Many hours passed before he caught sight of Winona, the Indian maiden. The light wind just ruffled the surface of the water, and away in the distance he saw her light canoe drawn up on the white beach. The deer came down and lapped the water within reach of his arrows, but they passed away unmolested. She made her appearance at length, long after the sun had passed the meridian, and pushing the frail bark from the shore, paddled it out into the lake. The young warrior's heart beat high with hope, and he gazed with admiration upon her graceful form, as she swayed lightly to and fro in propelling the boat. He saw with joy that she was directing it toward him, and would probably land upon the shore if not alarmed. The canoe

glided swiftly over the water, guided by the skilful hand of the young voyager, and the chieftain's eye kindled as she came nearer and nearer. Her long, dark hair swept unconfined over her neck and shoulders, and fell in wavy masses to her waist. Her figure was slight and symmetrical, and her clear, dark complexion was lighted up with a ruddy glow, that gave evidence of health and youth.

With a few graceful sweeps of the paddle, the Indian girl guided the bark into a narrow inlet, but a little distance from where Wacouza rested. As soon as it touched the sands, she stepped to the shore, and drawing it up so that the winds and waves would not drift it away, she busied herself in gathering the wild flowers and evergreens that grew among the trees. The young chieftain's heart throbbed wildly as she approached him; not with fear, for he was aware that he would not be recognized; but with contending emotions, such as he had never before known. Drawing himself to his full height he leaned upon his bow, and awaited the moment when she should discover him. His suspense was not of long duration. The bewildered maiden would have fled to her boat, but the kind words and manly bearing of the stranger deterred her.

"The lily of the forest need have no fear of the unknown hunter," said Wacouza, in a quick breath; "for he means her no harm. He has watched her canoe cross the blue lake, and in the distance he has seen the smoke ascend from the wigwams of her tribe. He holds in his hand the pipe of peace, and he only asks that he may be heard."

"What would the stranger say? The ears of Winona are open," said the maiden, in a trembling voice.

The warrior's bosom throbbed quicker as she spoke. He had not known till now that she was the daughter of the sachem of her tribe. He forgot the jealousy that existed between himself and her father, at the sound of her liquid voice, and he longed to tell her all his love and admiration. With that openness that is so natural to Indian character, he did not hesitate to speak of what dwelt in his mind, and his language was clothed with ease and simplicity, that denotes a soul filled with the higher attributes of nature.

"The father of Winona is rich and powerful, and his braves are like the leaves of the forest. His tomahawk is sharp, and his arrows are true, and his wigwam is covered with the scalps of his enemies. But the stranger brave is not less powerful or noble, for he is the sachem of his people, and they look up to him as a father. Their souls are as one, and when he leads them to battle, they never turn back from the foe. His wigwam is clothed with the skins of the mouse and bear, and the deeds of his fathers are recorded upon the sacred stone which the Great Spirit has bestowed upon his tribe."

Winona gazed with admiration upon the young chieftain as he spoke, and with that impulse that is characteristic of her race, she listened eagerly to his words, and treasured them up in her mind. The appearance of the stranger was so manly and noble, that she did not doubt but what he said was true. His dark eyes flashed with a deeper light, while his tall form seemed to rise in still more majestic proportion, and his bosom swelled while he spoke of the greatness of his fathers. As he paused the maiden said,

"Winona hears. She has listened to the words of the unknown brave, and she believes him. The Great Spirit looks down with kindness upon all his children, and blesses them alike; and if some of them are unhappy it is their fault and not his. If her tribe are powerful, they are also happy; for Manito has given them all they could wish, and they thank him in their hearts for his goodness. Their hunting-grounds are boundless and the game is plentiful, and they hold the pipe of peace to all their brother tribes."

"As the water to the parched earth, so are the words of Winona, the forest flower, to the stranger. He lingers on the melody of her voice, and lives in the light of her eyes. If the arm of her father is strong, her glance is more powerful, for it conquers the heart of the beholder. Her eyes are like the stars that shine in the sky, and her voice is like the breath of the soft south wind. Her long hair falls in waves like the branches of the drooping willow, and her form is like that of the young deer sporting upon the hills. Will the mountain bird listen? Her lake is beautiful, and she is happy in her father's smile, and her tribe delight in her presence. Her wigwam is clothed with soft furs, but there is another that would be lighted by her smile, which is now lonely and cheerless; and if she will accompany the stranger, and be his companion, she shall be happy. The young maidens shall twine beads in her hair, and strew flowers at her feet, and when she is weary they shall watch over her, and the Great Spirit will look down with joy and bless them. What says the water lily?"

The eyes of the maiden lighted up with joy, and a smile rested upon her features, but it suddenly faded, and turning half away, she gazed over the waters where burned the council-fires of her tribe.

"The words of the stranger are welcome, but

Winona cannot accept them. She is very happy, and if she were to leave her tribe her father would die of grief. His hairs are grey, and she could not turn his heart to sorrow, for if she should the frown of the Great Spirit would rest upon her forever."

"The tones of the mountain bird are very sad and sink into the heart of her listener. He has longed to look upon her, for she is the star of his life, and his hope has been that she would love him; yet he would not sacrifice her happiness to his own. If she will go with him, she can visit her father's wigwam at pleasure, and he will forgive her when he knows it is for her happiness."

Winona seemed undecided what to do, for her ardent, impulsive nature, untutored by civilization, drank in every word that was spoken: and the fine form and noble appearance of the young brave had won her admiration. Laying her flushed cheek in her hand, she gazed once more at the setting sun, and then turning toward the chieftain, said,

"The hunting-grounds of the stranger may be broad and his warriors countless, but Winona cannot go with him. Her father could not forgive her, and would mourn in secret for her loss. Where is the chieftain's home, and what is his name?"

"His name his Wacouza, and his hunting-grounds are beyond the mountains."

The maiden gazed with astonishment at the warrior, who, conscious of right, stood up proudly in his own strength.

"Wacouza is the enemy of the father of Winona. The tomahawk has been unburied, and the bow unbent, and the pipe of peace unlighted. His life is in danger, for should he be discovered by Uncas, his revenge would be complete. Yet Winona wishes him well, and as a proof of her friendship, she will meet him on the morrow when the moon rolls up over the forest."

Pushing her light canoe from the shore, the Indian girl paddled it out into the silvery lake, and directed it toward the opposite side. Wacouza followed its wake with his eyes till it had reached its destination, when, again drawing it up on the sands, the maiden passed into the forest and disappeared from his sight. He seated himself upon the banks, and leaning his head upon his bosom, watched the faint sunset light steal over the water, while his soul was wrapped up in the veil of thought. His bow was cast thoughtlessly by his side, and the arrows lay upon the ground, for he was forgetful of every thing save that one living presence. Winona had cast a charm upon his senses which time could not wear off, and he thought how cheerless would be the future if he could not listen to the melody of her voice. It would be difficult to trace his imaginings, as thought upon thought crowded upon his mind, for imagination differs widely from reality. He was king of his people, but he could not govern his own soul, and he felt how useless was the trial.

Another day had passed, and the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and the round moon rising up over the lake brought the time when Winona was to meet him again. He watched eagerly for her appearance, and when he saw her light boat upon the water he could hardly contain his joy. She looked even more beautiful than before, and when she stood beside him, and her dark eyes met his own, he could not refrain from again telling his love.

"Winona has again come to warn her brother of his danger. He treads upon the hunting-grounds of his enemy, and his braves are not near to defend him. If he regards his safety, he must depart at once, before another sun falls upon the water. Does her brother hear?"

"His life is worthless unless Winona will go with him. Her father is his enemy, but he will forgive all when she is gone. The wigwam of Wacouza will be silent without her voice to cheer its gloom, and his heart will be filled with sadness. If she will accompany him, the Great Spirit will smile upon them, and they will be happy."

The tones of the hunter fell upon Winona's ears like music, and when she gazed in his eyes they burned with such a deep light that they seemed to pierce to her very soul. Her heart throbbed more quickly, and she turned her gaze to the ground to hide the emotions that worked upon her features. Her love for the noble stranger was overcoming her resolution, and his words to her were as sunshine to the flowers. He took her hand in his own and continued,

"Wacouza's tribe and that of Uncas can become as one. The same wigwam can cover the warriors, and they can smoke the pipe of peace together. The tomahawk will be buried, and they will be as brothers, if the fair wild flower will become the bride of Wacouza."

"Winona will go, for her heart is weak. She may see her father no more: but she cannot refuse. If she does wrong, may the Great Spirit forgive her."

The heart of the Indian lover swelled with joy as she spoke, and he drew her furs still closer around her, to shield her from the cold night wind. The young girl gazed across the moonlit

waters toward her home, while a sigh escaped from her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears; and then resigning her hand to her companion, she followed with him under the naked branches, and over the heaps of dead leaves that rustled in their path. Half supporting the fragile form of his beautiful burden, the athletic Indian pressed onward up the steep sides of the high mountain before him, pausing only when she was weary to let her rest and cheer her in their arduous journey. But she did not falter, for with that deep resolve and devotion that characterizes the race, when the first step is taken, her heart remained firm and unshaken, and she needed no encouragement to guide her on. Up, still higher and higher they climbed, till the clouds lay under their feet and all around them. The dry leaves were covered with a thin robe of snow, but it offered no impediment to their journey. The hard frozen earth resounded to their tread, and the huge rocks loomed up before them like spectres, but they passed them unheeded.

But the moon, that had shone so clearly and brilliantly below, become obscured by clouds. Wacouza had noticed with anxiety the deep, dark volumes roll up the steep sides of the mountain, for they foretold the coming storm. He did not fear for himself, but for her who was dearer to him than life. The path, which had been so plain in the moonbeams, had become obscured by the darkness, but the unerring eye of the hunter still marked its place. The wind swept past them in fitful gusts, bearing the light snow before it like chaff, and the twigs of the stunted trees bent and writhed in its grasp, while their dark tops swayed to and fro with a moaning sound, that seemed like a wail of agony. To add to the increasing gloom, the snow commenced to fall in broad flakes, and the darkness became more intense. Wacouza's heart sunk within him at the dismal view, for although the path might be followed, it would be a long time ere they could reach their destination, and his tender companion would be exposed to the pitiless fury of the storm. He still pressed on, shielding her as much as possible from the wind with his own body, and encouraging her by his example and words.

The storm increased, and the wind became almost a hurricane. It was impossible to resist its fury. The snow, which had fallen so fast, had become so deep that it was with difficulty that they could make their way through it, and Wacouza could feel the form of his companion tremble with the cold. To return was equally as difficult as to go on, and the young chieftain at once saw the necessity of seeking some shelter from the tempest. But this was exceedingly difficult, for there were no trees to break the fury of the wind—nothing but the hoary rocks to cover his beloved. He found a narrow place among them, carpeted with dead leaves, and secluded from the snow, but it afforded no shelter from the piercing wind and intense coldness of the air. He wrapped his own furs around her, and with her head resting upon his shoulder, he sought to cheer her drooping spirits, although he felt in his own heart how sad was their situation.

The hours passed slowly away, and the storm seemed only to increase. The snow fell yet faster, and the wind rushed by with a wilder shriek over the tops of the icy mountains. Winona was unconscious of her situation, for reason had forsaken its throne, and she murmured only her father's name, and wondered why he did not answer. Her cheek was cold as the icy rock that covered her, and the touch of death was already at her heart. Her lover bent over her in the deep darkness, forgetful of his own suffering, and sought to wake her once more to consciousness, but in vain.

At length, just as daylight was breaking in the east, she seemed to arouse from her lethargy, for she opened her eyes and gazed vacantly around, and when they met those of her companion, she called his name in so sweet a voice, that its melody thrilled to his very soul. He raised her head from its resting-place, and twined the long, dark locks between his fingers, but it again fell back upon his bosom, and she was dead! A sweet smile rested upon her features, which even the hand of death could not remove, the parted lips retained all their freshness, and the closed eyes told how calmly her soul had passed to the Spirit Land. Wacouza gazed upon her features, while his heart was too full for utterance. He parted the hair over the cold forehead, and pressed his lips to her own, but they could not bring back the life that had fled. Life was no longer a blessing to him, and he welcomed the progress of the insidious cold that was stealing slowly but surely through his frame, and chilling the life-blood as it circled through his bosom. The icy air was more pleasant to him than the zephyrs of summer, and the lethargy that was stealing over his senses banished every thought of pain, while the joyful hope that he would soon join his beloved in the Spirit Land, when the Great Spirit would smile upon them forever, animated his soul and made him forgetful of everything else.

The day waned and passed away. The storm ceased, and the sunset light fell upon the snow

drifted in confusion upon the mountain tops, but no sound dwelt upon them, except that which was made by the wind as it sighed among the withered twigs. All was desolate, as if the foot of man had never trodden upon their bosoms, or the rocks echoed to his voice. The Indian lovers lay side by side, cold and lifeless, while the wind mingled their dark locks together, and wandered past them with a solemn murmur, heaping the snow in strange, fantastic drifts at their feet, and then died away in the distance, so calmly that it seemed like the breath of the passing spirit.

But it was calm and serene below; no snow rested upon the bosom of the earth, and the little lake smiled as brightly in the twilight as ever. The days came and went, but Winona's light canoe rested upon its bosom no more. The stern old chieftain had missed his daughter from his wigwam, and her little bark was found where she had left it, at her departure. The quick eyes of his braves soon detected the trail of the lovers; and led by the father, they followed it far up the side of the steep mountain, till it was lost in the smooth, untrodden snows. Then separating, each climbed up higher and higher, in search of the lost maiden. Uncas wandered on alone, with his heart weighed down with sorrow, and his soul bowed with grief. At last, chance brought him to the foot of the fatal cliff where rested her body. He would have ascended it, but like Sinai it was sacred from the tread of mortals. The moment he touched his foot to its soil, it shook as if the earthquake was rioting in its bowels, and the air was filled with the noise of thunder. The sky became darkened till the sun looked like a globe of blood, and the mist rolled up the side of the mountain, hiding everything below. It seemed as if the end of time had come, and uncovering his head, the age chieftain bowed before the spirit of the wilderness. At the same time, a voice spoke from the clouds as follows:

"The Great Spirit watches over his people and loves them. Let the eternal mountains be a barrier between the contending tribes, and woe to those who first break the bond of peace, for his anger shall rest upon them forever. The pestilence shall waste them away, and they shall die with famine, till nothing shall remain to tell that they have ever existed; and the Spirit Land shall never be opened to them. If they will cherish peace toward each other they shall be happy, and multiply till they are as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. They shall become powerful, and the tribes around shall fear them for their wisdom and courage, and the Great Spirit will look down upon them in love. Let them heed his words."

Once more the mountain shook to its centre, and the thunders echoed through the air, and then all was again still. The mist rolled away from the base, and the sun shone out in its full splendor, while the cloud that had overshadowed all passed away, leaving nothing but the blue sky. The aged chieftain pursued his way silen'ly down the mountain's side, with his soul filled with awe, which overpowered grief and cast a spell around him that time could never wear away.

Such is the legend. Peace remained unbroken between the two tribes, and they both became powerful. The superstition that governed their hatred prevented them from ascending the mountains, and their hermit tops remained unexplored and unknown.

TO A FRIEND MUSING.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

What is it you see in the pleasant fire-light,
That wakes o'er your face such a vanishing smile?
Has fancy called forth some sweet fairy or sprite,
To lead in soft fetters our senses awhile?

Ah, swiftly it fades, 'tis no magical spell,
On our forehead the shadow too heavily lies;
And I saw as the fire-light flickered and fell,
The tear-drops quick gathering fast in your eyes.

To the scenes of the past you have wandered away,
Old friends throng around you, familiar and dear,
Sweet faces rise up from the mouldering clay,
And voices, sweet voices are echoing here.

'Tis long since we missed them at eve by the hearth,
And still in the twilight stands vacant each chair,
All mute are the voices, all hushed is their mirth,
And changed are the faces that once were so fair.

We still hear by the window the katy-did's tone,
And the cricket is blithe on the hearth as of yore;
But you, love, and I are now sitting alone,
The lost ones will gather around us no more.

They've left us, and vain are our tears and our sighs,
Yet often as now, we shall fancy them here,
Old mem'ries like phantoms unbidden will rise,
Like phantoms sweet faces again will appear.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PET;

OR, FRANK COLEMAN'S DELUSION.

BY BESSIE BEECHWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

How horrified would the "principal" of one of our modern "seminaries" have been, could she have been set down in the midst of Elmhedge School room one bright autumn day, as the "class in history" was reciting before the little table that formed the point of power in that clean, cheerful room.

On one side was ranged a double row of desks, over which bent heads of every shade, from lint white to jetty black, and young feminine faces, some of which would in after years flush with the consciousness of their own fairness, or send a pang to the heart as their reflection should be borne back to the eyes of their plainer possessor.

On the opposite side a similar range met the eye, but instead of the scrupulous neatness of its *vis-a-vis*, a more careless air pervaded the double line, and, in place of the shining braids and tresses, an equally variegated array of heads, left rather more to their own wayward nature, betrayed their owners to be, start not, "Lady Principal," members of the "sterner sex," of every age, from the frolicsome monkey of five, to the quiet, manly student of fifteen.

While we have been describing the *personelle* of Elmhedge School, the "class in history" before mentioned has completed its morning's task, and stands hearing a discourse on its merits and demerits, from the wise and candid lips of Mr. Sampson, the village schoolmaster.

The class consisted of two young girls of about fourteen years of age, the leaders of the female department, and rivals, of course. For a long time the race had been warmly contested, for to Laura Elliston, the dark-haired, flashing-eyed one, superior ability made success easy, and that ability, stimulated by rivalry, enabled her to keep an equal footing with her hazel-eyed classmate. Why then did she not surpass her? Because with Ella Weston study was as much a principle as a passion. Her mental endowments were not brilliant, but she was exceedingly fond of books, and deemed it her duty to improve to the uttermost the advantages her parents, with some self-denial, were enabled to afford her. Thus an earnest, never-flagging application had earned her a position, which, by a few bold strokes, Laura Elliston had reached, and, for a time, shared. But in a little time Laura's energy gave out, for the end attained, the motive power ceased, and she gradually slipped back to her former indifference. This had no influence on Ella, she did her best at all times, and of a quiet, even temperament, no impulse could vary her steady course. With commendable correctness her tasks were rendered, and had for some weeks before her introduction to the reader, thrown the imperfectness of Laura's into greater contrast.

Although this did not rouse the indolent beauty, who relied much on her father's position and her own charms to carry her through into renewed exertion, it did not increase her good-will toward the innocent cause, and the relationship between them was, in consequence, not the most cordial.

Now, although Laura was the daughter of the most influential man in the place, Richard Sampson was not the man to let this neglect of her duties and assumption of superiority go unrebuked. He had waited in vain for some amendment, knowing from previous success that indifference alone caused the sad falling off in one he had looked upon as one of his most promising scholars.

The serene look impressed upon his firm-lined face, as question after question remained unanswered by Laura, and was quietly and correctly given by Ella, who seemed to feel no triumph, but rather pity for her classmate.

"I am surprised and ashamed, Laura," said the master, in a clear, grave voice, as he shut the book, "that you should persist in this very reprehensible course. You must not think because you are 'Squire Elliston's daughter, you may do what would be forbidden in a poorer pupil. Your position, in the world's eyes, may cover many a fault, but here all are on an equality, and your disregard of the requirements of the school, and utter waste of your precious time must both be reformed, or so pernicious an example must be removed from before my more tractable pupils."

Who that has ever been to school, cannot see the curious, half frightened faces that turned

toward the point whence issued this awful sentence. Only one of the whole group refrained from glancing at the delinquent. This was a fine, manly boy of sixteen, who occupied the end of one of the rows nearest to the master, and consequently in full view of the two girls. His eyes remained fixed on his book, but the flush that arose to his cheek, told that he was not unconscious of what was passing.

Laura's only reply to the reprimand was a flash of defiance from her black eyes, as she turned with a proud step to take her seat. Trembling and embarrassed as though she were the culprit, Ella held out her hand for the book, which Mr. Sampson still retained; but, instead of returning the book, the master kindly took her hand, saying,

"I am as much pleased to commend as I am grieved to censure, even when deserved. I am grateful for so good and diligent a pupil as you, Ella; your parents cannot but be proud of a daughter who so faithfully regards their interests and her own."

With a blush of pleasure and a moistened eye, Ella glanced toward the pre-occupied student before mentioned. A pair of dark grey eyes met hers with a kind and encouraging smile that deepened her color, and sent her back to her desk with a light heart. The dark eyes followed her, and failed not to note the vindictive glance Laura Elliston cast upon her as she passed: and with a look of pain Frank Coleman turned to his book again.

School was out, and the girls gathered to talk over the great event of the morning; but most of the boys were off on their several ways, forgetting or caring nothing for a girl's troubles, for, as the boys said, "they were always getting into some hot water."

Of course there were two parties. Numerically, the stronger gathered around Ella to congratulate and praise her; but Laura's were the *elite*, who felt themselves aggrieved with their distinguished chief, and the "*toadies*," some of whom are to be found in every station.

Not long did Laura tarry among the sympathising gossip, for she saw Frank slowly emerging from the school-house, passing Ella's party without noticing them, and thoughtfully advance toward the gate that led him homeward. With a hasty good-bye, she left the rest and stepped quickly on in advance of Frank, then slackening her pace, walked sorrowfully forward, feeling sure he would overtake and join her.

The fact is, Frank was suffering from that violent epidemic, a first love! and the black-eyed Laura was the object of this attachment and, although he was too just and clear-sighted to deny her fault and the justice of the rebuke, yet the chivalry of his young heart bade him pity and excuse her.

Her woman's instinct had not deceived her, and as Frank reached her side, the nascent coquette called up a flood of tears to her eyes, and bent her head in deep agitation.

"Never mind, Laura," said Frank, in great embarrassment how to console her, "don't take it so to heart! Mr. Sampson is severe, but he means it for your good."

A fresh burst of tears was her only answer for awhile, but presently she sobbed out that she was so unhappy; every one hated her, and she had no friend in the world but her father.

Frank remembered that she was motherless, and that thought, together with her apparent deep distress, cancelled all memory of her faults, and he swore eternal friendship and devotion to her cause forever!

Could he have seen the flash of triumph from those black eyes, of which only the moistened handkerchief was witness, he would have at least doubted the sincerity of her softened mood.

In their pre-occupation they had made a considerable *detour*, and came out upon the road just below Ella's cottage home. She was slowly and thoughtfully wending her way alone toward the little gate, and raised her eyes as they approached. A shadow flitted across her face, but in an instant the tear-marked cheek of her former rival smote her heart, for the unintentional agency she had had in causing those tears to fall. Never hesitating to do what her heart prompted, she stepped quickly out into the path and offered her hand to Laura, saying,

"You do not think hard of me, Laura, do you, for the share I had in the unpleasant occurrence of this morning? I am very sorry if anything I have done has contributed to your unhappiness."

Laura would have given much to have dared to dash aside the offered hand and pass scornfully on! but Frank was by, and she would not so soon destroy the dominion she had just so successfully established. So she clasped Ella's hand with apparent warmth, though the chill struck upon the sensitive nerves of the young girl.

"Certainly not, my good Ella," replied she, graciously, as she passed on, though the heartlessness and condescension of the tone failed not be perceived by Ella, while Frank, never doubting, rejoiced at the reconciliation of the two for whom he cherished a warm affection. Oh! man! how easily you are dazzled and deceived!

CHAPTER II.

The *prestige* of Laura's position having been swept away by Mr. Sampson's democratic harangue, she found no difficulty in inducing her father to withdraw her from school, for though no very attentive or affectionate parent in general, he chose to feel himself aggrieved in the reprimand administered to his daughter, and injudiciously, like too many parents under similar circumstances, listened to Laura's artful story, and yielded to her wish.

This occurrence attracted Mr. Elliston's attention to the fact, that Laura was growing to womanhood, and that the education likely to be obtained at Mr. Sampson's humble establishment would not fit her to be the mistress of his elegant home. Therefore he resolved to remove to a neighboring city where she might be "finished," a word too often ominous in its signification!

This was sad news to Frank Coleman, for the rosy chains were strong about him, and he believed the bright leaves would never fall, disclosing the frail vines that seemed iron links when hidden by their bloom.

A mother and sister were looking to him as their future stay, and he was eagerly striving to fit himself to take the place of his departed father to those he loved, and this did much to dissipate the grief of a first parting. But Ella saw his unhappiness, for her heart was ever intuitively alive to the sorrows of those she loved, and endeavored to soothe his regrets. Frank had ever been a brother to her, and as such he regarded her, and young and innocent as she was, she believed hers but a sister's tenderness for him. Certainly it was a pure and self-forgetting sentiment, for so long as he was happy she was contented.

Thus then her gentle ministrations won from him the secret of his young heart's devotion, and he felt happier in giving utterance to the bright aspirations of his sanguine mind, sure of a sympathizing hearer in his gentle sister. An occasional sigh, or may be a few tears, when alone, were the only tokens that sweet Ella owned a nearer place in his consideration. Thus months passed.

Meanwhile, Laura Elliston was weaving the embroidery into a fabric not strong enough to hold the embellishments, at a fashionable seminary. But what matter if the ground-work were "tattered and torn," so long as it would hold the gay threads of music, French, Italian, etc., it were a garment quite *comme il faut* to the mind of a modern young lady.

The young coquette had not forgotten amid the new conquests she had already made, the handsome boy who had devoted himself to her cause in pretty Elmhedge. Nor did the probable result of her absence, in throwing him more with Ella Weston, fail to be considered by her, and she was unwilling to yield even his homage to another, and that one especially Ella. So a bright idea occurred to her, by which she might separate him from Ella, and by making him her debtor receive his attention at her pleasure. She applied to her father to send Frank an invitation to come to the city, and accept a situation in the store in which Mr. Elliston had become interested. This her father was very willing to do, for he knew young Coleman to be trustworthy, and it gave him no trouble since a vacancy just then offered. He also consented to Laura's writing the invitation, since he was willing to have her acquire the additional dignity of being "Lady Bountiful."

With a ready tact Laura worded the letter so as to convey the idea, that the obligation was entirely cancelled by his peculiar fitness for the position, and the pleasure they should have in seeing him again, yet not compromising herself.

With sincere delight the youth received and accepted the offer, which he believed naught but kindness could have prompted, and which would much more speedily place him in a position to assist his family, than he could attain by remaining in Elmhedge.

It was a heavy day for Ella when Frank, in all the glow of gratitude and anticipation, imparted the great news to her. Not for a moment did the art of the would-be benefactress dazzle her as to the intention, and too probable result of the invitation; but she doubted much whether true affection was the motive. Had she been sure of that, she would have been more reconciled to her obscure and so soon to be forgotten lot, for there his happiness would be secured, and she could bear her own griefs alone, but to know that he was trusting and deceived would have added a keener pang than ever she could feel for herself.

With tears she parted from him, who had been her playmate, her companion, her brother, and with a promise still to make her his confidant through his letters, he pressed a kiss upon his little "sister's" pale cheek, and left her with eyes more moist than the manliness of sixteen would have cared to acknowledge.

Two years passed with no striking incidents to vary or mark them. The milestones of the year to the mother, sister, and friend in Elmhedge, were the periodical, kind, and unrestrained letters of the absent Frank, who confided as freely in his adopted sister as ever, and she felt that

they were but half parted, while she retained that place in his thoughts.

Most of the time was spent by Laura in the completion of her accomplishments, and though she saw Frank but once a week, she was satisfied that he was away from Ella's influence, and "ready when called for."

Meanwhile, Frank was steadily making his way in the counting-house, and proving to Mr. Elliston that Laura's worldly wisdom was in this instance of the most reliable. The weekly glimpse he caught of his still adored Laura, with the letters from home, made him happy and contented, joined as they were with the consciousness that he was doing his duty, and advancing in fortune and position.

Every spare moment saw Ella at her books, and with the special assistance of Mr. Sampson, whose favorite she was, she made much progress, so much, indeed, that she was a "class by herself" in most of her studies; and had there been any one who desired particularly to engage the master's attention, they might have complained with some show of reason, that he gave Ella Weston more of his time than was strictly her due. But all were willing enough to escape his watchful eye, and so his doings went, if not unnoticed, at least unmentioned.

CHAPTER III.

School days over, two years more were spent by Laura in travelling with her father, whose close attention to business was prevented by an affection of the eyes. Returned once more, they took up their residence for the summer amid the quiet and retired shades of Elm Park, which though still retained, had not been occupied by them since their hasty departure four years before.

Time, while it had matured the casket, had spared the jewels of mind and heart which Frank Coleman had taken with him into active life, and so well had integrity and purity "paid" in his too single instance, that he was now, though still so young, junior partner in the house of Elliston & Co., the senior partner's worldly wisdom being willing to acknowledge the soundness of its investment in truth and honesty, by this movement, which could not, at the same time, fail to benefit the house.

The occasional glimpses Frank obtained of Laura, when her graciousness blinded him to her true character, had served to keep alive the flame which her girlish charms had lighted in his youthful heart, and no other object offering to awaken his true feelings, he believed himself deeply attached to her, and looked forward with eagerness to the time when he should dare ask her hand.

His frequent, frank letters, kept Ella still advised of every feeling that stirred the steady current of his life, and she looked forward with forebodings for his happiness, born of her better knowledge of the heartless girl, to that hour which he anticipated with so much joy. She felt there was no hope for her own affection, but cherished it in silence and secret, finding her greatest pleasure in all that pleased him. The same sisterly tenderness greeted Frank upon each of his short visits home, and little did he suspect the depth of feeling that lay in that young heart.

Matters had gone ill with farmer Weston in the last two years, the heaviest grief being the loss of his gentle hard-working wife. Poor Ella found little time to indulge in sorrow, amid the cares of the house and the charge of a younger brother and sister. These cares bore oppressively upon her slight frame and mind, and seemed more laborious than many another would have found them; so, feeling that she could give her father real assistance by lightening his expenses in a way more congenial to her organization, she hired an old woman of the village to perform the duties of housekeeper, and sought and obtained an assistant teachership in Mr. Sampson's school, now grown almost beyond his single power to direct.

The worthy man was not displeased to have the company of his favorite pupil thus constantly. Naturally they were thrown much together, and the humble and pre-occupied object was the only one whom his marked attentions escaped. The villagers smiled and glanced after them, as the master escorted her home from school, while she considered it the most natural thing in the world for an old friend to do, especially as their roads did not lie far apart.

Great then was her astonishment and perplexity, when one bright afternoon, as they were wending their way slowly through a little piece of woods that stood in their homeward path, with trembling lips all "unaccustomed to sue," Mr. Sampson declared his affection in a speech, where true feeling set the "rules of composition" quite at defiance. So great was her surprise and regret at having awakened a feeling she could not reciprocate, that words failed her for a moment. Just then horses' feet were heard approaching, and without waiting for her reply, Mr. Sampson exclaimed,

"Think of it, my dear pupil, and next Saturday give me a reply," pressing her hand, he dis-

appeared among the trees, but not soon enough to escape the quick eye of the *equestrienne*, whose approach had startled him.

It was Miss Elliston returning to the park, on a part of which grounds the grove stood. Her knowing, half scornful, half malicious smile as she passed, covered Ella's cheek with indignant blushes, and quickening her pace, she stepped hastily by and gained her house in a flutter of conflicting feelings.

The closing incident was certainly the most agreeable in Laura's ride, and upon her return she set her mind cogitating how she should convey the news to Frank, and thereby destroy entirely the influence she half feared, knowing that it must ever be counter to hers, even though she wished to exercise her own but for her amusement.

This was easily accomplished, for business letters were being constantly written to the other partners, and this duty devolved upon her since the failure of her father's eye-sight. Thus then she could add the information to a business letter to Frank, when she would not have condescended to write to him directly from herself. The more important affairs disposed of, she appended the following:

"P. S.—It is no longer difficult to account for our worthy *dominie's* partiality for his excellent pupil, Ella Weston; and she, as in duty bound, is about to reward his long devotion and many delicate attentions. I, to-day, unintentionally interrupted quite a tender scene between them, and so conclude the village gossip true. LAURA ELLISTON."

On the receipt of the letter, Frank eagerly broke the seal, for it was a pleasure merely to see her neat characters, though they clothed but the cold details of business. The postscript was unusual, and the news it contained anything but pleasant, though why, Frank could not, for the life of him, tell! Sampson was a worthy man in his way, but he was not of the delicacy of feeling and refinement calculated to make a gentle girl like Ella happy! Yes, that was it! It was Ella's happiness which he had so much at heart that produced the uneasiness he experienced; and Frank warmed himself into a paroxysm of virtuous indignation that quite satisfied his conscience.

"I will write to her at once and dissuade her from this foolish step," thought he. "But no, to-day is Thursday, and to-morrow I must see Mr. Elliston, so I will wait and tell her myself when I see her."

With this he dismissed the thought, and fell to musing on the fancied perfections of the fair Laura, as her name written in her own hand recalled her vividly before his eyes. Yes, he would hesitate no longer! He could now offer her a comfortable home, and, though he was young to marry, he had been early thrown upon his own resources, and felt and looked five years older than was true. She, too, was young, and Mr. Elliston might require a year or two's delay, but certainty was better than this indecision!

Did he never doubt the issue? Yes, but youth is hopeful, and the reception he had ever met with from Laura, had never chilled his presumptuous hopes, so, with a possibility of defeat, he hoped and expected success.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next afternoon saw Frank Coleman at Elmhedge. A hasty greeting to his mother and sister over, he set out for Mr. Elliston's.

Laura was walking on the elm-shaded lawn, and her reception made his heart beat high with hope and pleasure.

"I am delighted to see a city friend in this solitude," said Laura, "and Mr. Coleman is doubly welcome."

"You little dream, Miss Elliston, what happiness it gives me to hear you say so," replied Frank, with a speaking glance.

"I must be careful what I say, or I shall make you vain," she returned, with a laugh and a slight blush.

"There is no fear of that; but one word from you could make me supremely blessed!" said Frank, earnestly taking her hand.

She drew it haughtily away, and in a freezing tone replied,

"Mr. Coleman forgets himself!"

"Not so, nor do I forget the years that you have been ever present in my thoughts, and better still, do I remember the kind interest you have ever shown for me, and your gracious reception of an homage you could not have failed to see, though it was silent!"

"Sir," replied the coquette, proudly as an offended queen, "if ever you have interpreted my conduct other than as that which become my father's daughter toward his clerk, you have wilfully deceived yourself, and I have nothing with which to reproach myself, except listening to this folly. Good evening, sir."

"One moment, Miss Elliston," he exclaimed, as she was about to leave him, "do not go with the impression that you have crushed the clerk, the memory might return and cast a shade over some moment of future triumph. Let conscience rest, for you have but awakened a dreaming boy

to the knowledge of the precious moments he has wasted in fancying perfections you do not possess, and he leaves your presence a man much wiser, and I hope better for the lesson. Good evening, Miss Elliston!" And without entering the house, he turned and left her standing, pale with rage at his boldness, and mortified beyond measure to meet so cutting a retort from one who seemed all mildness and adoration.

Frank's words were warmer than his heart, and his step was quick and nervous as he hastened from Elmhedge. He felt the need of some sympathizing parent to soothe his outraged feelings. His mother and sister were good and kind, but they could not understand him. Ella was the one to whom he longed to tell his griefs, sure of a delicate sympathy inexpressibly dear to him; but an unaccountable disinclination to risk seeing her betrothed in the old post he had once occupied, as friend and counsellor to the mild-eyed, loving child, but with the right to lavish upon her that tenderness she so richly merited from a more appreciative source. He thought of her as the object of the well-meant, but awkward caresses of the old dominie, until he forgot his own fresh sorrows, and rushed hastily forward toward Ella's humble home, explaining to himself that it would be unkind not to hasten to see and counsel upon her new relations after his long absence.

Ella Weston sat sadly gazing from the casement of the little sitting-room. Her hands lay idly in her lap, holding a piece of neglected work, while lost in painful thought she looked upon the sunset. The children were playing in the garden, the old housekeeper was visiting, and her father had not returned from the village.

The next day she was to give the master his answer! More than once had she been tempted to make it affirmative. He was a good, plain man, and loved her truly, she felt sure. What had she to hope? Even if Laura should reject Frank, could she dream he would love her after their long friendship had made for her no other place in his heart than a sister's? No, she could be nothing more to him; was she doing right, then, in refusing to make another happy, even though he should fall so far short of her ideal? No, and she had just determined to tell Mr. Sampson all, and then accept him if he persisted. The struggle had cost her many tears, and they were flowing still when Frank bounded through the open door, in his old boyish way, and stood before her! She knew not of his arrival, and his sudden appearance, at such a moment, startled and distressed her. She turned deathly pale, and then flushed crimson, as if she feared her late thoughts had been discovered.

"Ella, you have been weeping, what has happened?" said he, taking her hand.

"Nothing, Frank, nothing," replied she, hastily brushing and looking so glad to see him. "How long have you been here?"

"Not two hours," answered he, a shade settling on his brow.

"You have come on business? You have been to the park then?" she asked, looking earnestly in his face when the shade was deepening.

"I have been to the park, but not on business," said he, slowly and sadly.

The tears sprang to the sympathizing eyes that were fixed upon him.

"It is then as I feared!" said Ella, "she was unworthy of you."

"You are right, Ella, and I have awakened from a dream, a sweet dream, but still not reality. Her own act has opened my eyes to the fact, that the germ I have been nursing these four years was a weed, and not the immortal blossom I believed it. I have rooted it from my heart, and though the soil is scarred and shaken with the uprooting, the plant can never spring again! But why did you fear this termination? Did you wish my success?"

A wild bound of the heart sent the crimson to Ella's cheek, as she met Frank's earnest, inquiring glance, but she answered calmly,

"Yes, for I believed your happiness so deeply involved, that failure would have grieved you more than I see it has. I am glad that you can look on it thus calmly."

A light shone for a moment in Frank's dark eyes, and he pressed her hand warmly; but suddenly remembering her altered circumstances, he dropped her hand and said in a cold tone,

"But I am forgetting myself, this friendly intercourse which has ever been so dear to me must now cease!"

"Cease! Frank, what do you mean? What has happened to change you thus?" exclaimed Ella, in alarm.

"Have you, too, forgotten your affianced husband? He might object to my brotherly familiarity," said he, bitterly. "But what right have I to complain if you are happy? I might have had the right once, but like a boy, I threw it by and chased the painted butterfly that led me so far from reason, that when I returned the prize was gone."

"Frank, are you mad?" exclaimed Ella, trembling with hope and agitation. "Of whom are you speaking? What do you mean?"

"Are not you, my sweet, gentle Ella, betrothed

to Sampson, our old schoolmaster?" cried he, eagerly, as a glimmer of the truth dawned upon him.

A merry laugh burst from the relieved heart of the happy girl, as the ridiculous, yet blissful idea of Frank being jealous of Mr. Sampson burst upon her.

"Is that all?" exclaimed she, as soon as she regained her composure. "And what upon earth would it matter to you if I were?"

"Oh! Ella, for heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," cried he, grasping both her hands, unable to determine her meaning, "tell me, is it so?"

"No, Mr. Curiosity, it is not so," replied she, saucily, to hide her growing confusion. "Now are you satisfied?"

"No, Ella, I am not satisfied! Nothing will make me so till you say you forgive the blind boy, who could not see the fair reality walking by his side, but pursued a glittering image that led him on but to deceive! Not until you admit me to that place in your heart, from which I believed another had forever excluded me, and from which I had so nearly banished myself."

What could she say? Very little, but oh! that little was full of meaning, and carried happiness to the truly awakened heart of the young man!

The reply was softened by every kindly art that shut out hope from the warm heart of the schoolmaster, and he was too generous long to grieve for that which secured the happiness of two whom he esteemed so highly.

The elegant Laura Elliston, in supreme disgust, quitted the humble village of Elmhedge, and induced her father to sell the park, thereby breaking the last tie between her and its peculiar inhabitants. She would have used her influence to prejudice Frank with her father, but here policy and interest stepped in, and he retained his place in the firm, finally rising to be the senior partner, and enjoying wealth and honors, which took their greatest charm from being shared with his beloved wife.

Laura married "brilliantly," and lived as unhappily as she deserved.

LELIA, OR LOVE UNREQUITED.

BY BELLONA HAVENS.

She sang me a song when the night was hushed,
Her heart beat high, and her cheek was flushed;
But her brow was pale as the hue o'erspread,
On the icy cheek of the silent dead—
No gifted pen could define the grace,
That slept in the smile of her sweet, sad face;
Nor the hue of the raven's wing compare,
With the glossy curls of her silken hair.

Her form was fair as an artist's dream,
On the spell-fraught shore of Parnassus' stream;
And her spirit bright I could well descry,
'Neath the dreamy lids of her poet eye—
The song was o'er, and the lute laid by,
We wandered forth 'neath the starry sky;
And she breathed a tale in my listening ear,
That woke from its slumber the silent tear.

'Twas a tale of love, and a dream of bliss,
By far too bright for a world like this;
And I wondered much why her cheek grew pale,
As her lips breathed forth such a blissful tale—
But I would she had ceased ere she told me more,
How sadly she woke when the dream was o'er;
How her heart was crushed and her spirit bow'd,
And her sky o'ercast with a midnight cloud.

She loved in vain—and alas! too well!
Her soul was charmed by the witching spell—
'Twas a beacon light on a stormy tide,
When the winds blew free o'er the waters wide,
And sported wild with her light bark, frail,
The voice of love stilled the fearful gale—
And light broke forth where clouds had cast,
Their midnight gloom o'er the tempest blast.

She knew he never had breathed of love,
'Neath the glimm'ring light of the stars above;
But she read it well in his flashing eye,
In his trembling voice and deep-drawn sigh:
But not for her was the priceless worth
Of the visions bright, by love called forth;
And not for her was the dreamy sigh,
Or the love-glance bright in his brilliant eye.

He sought her home on a Summer's night,
And breathed low words 'neath the pale moonlight;
They were softly sweet as the zephyr's sigh,
That was breathed on her brow as it hurried by—
Yet they blanched her cheek to a deadly white,
And seared her heart with their with'ring blight;
For they breathed of love to another given,
And the crushing blow had her young heart riven.

He never knew that her heart was crushed,
Tho' her lips were pale, yet her voice was hushed;
And he never knew by a glance or word,
Of the anguish deep that her spirit stirred;
And he dreamed e'en then, when her heart was chill'd,
'Twas a brother's love that her bosom filled,
And he marveled much why her heart was mute,
When his own was glad as a silver lute.

"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

In the study of the Rev. Dr. Dorr were seated himself, Mr. Arthur Balch and Mr. Edward Sanford, the latter gentleman recently ordained to the ministry.

"The first thing you must do," said the Rev. doctor, "is to look about for a wife. Have you one engaged, brother Balch?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Balch.

"As you are to be a missionary," returned Dr. Dorr, "you have only to send in your name to the Mission Rooms; no doubt they'll have one to match it, or can find one, of some lady wanting to go on a mission. Don't stare so—the thing is done every day."

Dr. Dorr then turned to Mr. Sanford. "There's the Mount Holyoke Seminary—they educate the pupils there expressly for clergymen's wives."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his fellow-student, "A full course of meekness and self-denial, with the passive virtues generally, I suppose," said he.

"The passive virtues, my boy," exclaimed Dr. Dorr, "I think the young maidens will require some active ones to bring up eight children on four hundred a year. Many congregations are better satisfied if their minister's wife is from Mount Holyoke; and for the parish to be satisfied is a great help to happiness in the family of a clergyman. Don't you want to know the road to Mount Holyoke?"

"Not just yet," replied Mr. Sanford.

"Well, well," said Dr. Dorr, "listen to what I tell you. You are going to the West—the great, the noble West. A glorious career opens before you. You can live more in one year there than in ten here. With an ardent, energetic, self-reliant help-mate, what a work you could do! Oh! if I were but fifteen years younger! Well, I'll take my pleasure in watching the progress of you and your wife, my dear fellow," and Dr. Dorr shook his young brother by the hand, his eyes glistening with tears.

Instead of Mount Holyoke, Mr. Sanford turned his steps to New York, to a plain house in a street running out of Eighth Avenue. Since his last visit, a dark foreboding had entered those doors. Sophie's eyes, toward whose brightening look the young student had travelled as to his load-star, had been attacked with a severe inflammation. For some time she had been unable to use her needle.

"Mother, don't try your sight with stitching those wristbands," she would say, "do leave them till my eyes get well."

"Till my eyes get well," were words often in her mouth. One morning, the physician, after his usual visit, called Mrs. Mason into another room, and communicated to her the fact that her daughter would soon become blind. Sophie heard all by means of a door left ajar.

"Is there no remedy?" sobbed the terrified Mrs. Mason.

"None, madam, in the present state of medical science—none," was the reply.

Mrs. Mason, after hearing the doctor close the front-door, returned in a kind of bewilderment to her daughter. She found her cold and rigid.

When she succeeded in restoring her, she sprung up, looked wildly into her mother's eyes, then dashed past her, and up the stairs into her own room. Mrs. Mason could not gain admittance, and for hours listened to her, pacing the floor in passionate excitement. For two days she refused all consolation, all sympathy, in a sullen, defiant mood, but the evening of the third day found her with her head on her mother's breast, weeping and wailing.

"How long, doctor, how long can I see?" she asked, the next morning.

Dr. Elliott turned away, "I could not tell you exactly, my dear young lady," he replied, after a moment.

"Can't you give me any idea? two weeks, three weeks?" said Sophie.

"Oh, yes, yes," answered he, "certainly, two months. It may be longer; I give you the shortest time."

How precious those two months were to Sophie none can tell. She displayed a feverishness most painful to witness, lest she should not be making the most of every hour. She had a desire to do once more everything she had been in the habit of doing. She took her needle and sewed for half an hour, got out her drawing materials, read over her favorite passages, went out for her accustomed walks, went to see the pictures and statues she most liked. The brilliant blue of ultra-marine had always had a peculiar

attraction for her, and she now kept a quantity of the paint in a box in the sitting-room, and looked at it many times a day, "I want to carry that color into my darkness with me," she said. But most of all, she would sit and gaze on her parents' faces, then shut her eyes and bring them before her inner sight, then gaze again, then again close her lids to make the picture more minute, and so for hours. She comforted poor Edward Sanford, talking over the schemes she had hoped to share, sometimes with a smile that sought an answering one, and ah! sometimes with eyes streaming with tears.

One day, Mrs. Mason was standing in the hall, and saw Sophie coming down stairs with closed eyes—practising. How fast and burning fell the mother's tears.

One morning, she called to her mother, the door being open between their bed-rooms,

"Mother, what is the matter? Why are you getting up so early?"

"Early!" replied Mrs. Mason, "why, it is broad daylight."

There was a spring and a cry of terror. Mrs. Mason rushed into her daughter's room, and saw her sitting on the side of her bed, straining her eyes wildly round and round.

"Mother," she cried, "it is dark night to me!"

Mrs. Mason threw her arms around her, and drew her head down to her bosom. Gradually she slid from her, and lay crouched at her feet, shaking from head to foot. Then came a hoarse whisper, "Mother, are you sure it is light?"

"Yes, my child. Be calm, oh, be calm."

"Oh, mother, I expected it, but I did not know it was like this."

"Let us pray," murmured Mrs. Mason, through her sobs, and sinking on her knees, she lifted up a mother's cry to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the hour of trouble." When she ended, Sophie lay passive, but Mrs. Mason could not persuade her to rise, though she manifestly heard all that was said. The desire more than the power appeared wanting. She seemed unable to will one of those bloodless hands to move, or her bent form to straighten itself.

Days passed away, and Edward Sanford prayed her to be his wife even then.

She shook her head, and he could not urge her as he looked on her pale cheek and fast thinning form, apparently soon to pass away. He rose up and went home to his solitary room, where he found a letter from his friend Arthur Balch, informing him of his surroundings. Let us take a peep at brother Balch. He had sent his name to the Mission Rooms, and received a letter of introduction to a clergyman, in whose flock was a young lady who had determined on the sacrifice of going on a mission. A meeting was arranged. Enter a lady sallow, thin and thirty. She seated herself on the extreme point of a chair, twisted her long hands together, and turned her head to one side. The subject of missions was introduced. She felt she "had a call," she said.

After a few more interviews, the thing was settled, and the Dorcas Society of the church, commenced Miss Penny's outfit.

On the morning of the wedding, Mr. Balch rose early and occupied several hours in concentrating his mind on the idea that his work as a missionary must engross his whole being—and solely as his helper among the heathen he met his bride. She, on the contrary, as the hour drew near, had been thinking of the thing more as a woman with a living, beating heart. When the service was ended, her bosom was heaving and her lips trembling, and the look she raised to her husband asked, oh! it asked a thousand things—it sought a response and it met none.

When Mr. and Mrs. Balch, came to New York to embark, Sophie Mason wished to meet them, and Mr. Sanford brought them to her father's one evening. Mr. Balch addressed his wife as "my dear," and behaved very properly in everything, but Sophie's already acute ear made her parting kiss almost pitying. Mrs. Balch's tears fell fast upon the blind girl's hand. Her husband started, looked at her attentively, and went out of the house in a deep study. That capacity for sympathy, tenderness was not meant to slumber, thought he. From that hour he allowed his heart to assist itself, and the life of both was widely different. Sophie! this was your work.

"No remedy in the present state of medical science." None knew how those words lay down and rose up with Sophie Mason, as year after year passed away. She learned to be patient, cheerful. People admired her very much. Her pastor came and sat long by her side, and then quoted her in his evening lecture, as an instance of the power of God to make a creature just as happy when deprived of the greatest blessings.

Sophie could write to Mr. Sanford, but she could not read his replies, and her mother read them to her. This wove a new, a sacred tie between them. Mrs. Mason felt that she stood in this shrine of a love purified "so as by fire," and Sophie welcomed her there with fond confidence. It was very beautiful, this mingling of the soul of mother and daughter. Thus eight years went into the past.

One evening, Mr. Mason sat down by his

daughter, and told her that Dr. Elliott had proposed an operation on her eyes. A discovery had recently been made in Paris. He was not very sanguine, but if she thought it worth while to try——

"Worth while to try," repeated Sophie, raising her glowing cheek.

"But it will be very painful, my dear."

Sophie only smiled, and the thing was arranged. For weeks she lay in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes. What visions of flashing sunbeams, of the sparkling green robe of nature, of smiles on dear faces went and came under those bandages! The day arrived when they were to be taken off. If the operation were successful, in a few weeks Sophie would see. Gently the last one was laid off. All waited in breathless stillness. The trained features of the professional man expressed nothing: his lips only said, "We must reduce this inflammation."

It was enough for Sophie's acute ear. She spread out both her hands, and burst into a loud cry that rung to the depth of every heart there. The parents turned to the physician and met confirmation.

The doctor went away. The room was put in order, and Mrs. Mason sat down by the fire. The blind girl still lay on her sofa, the clock ticked briskly on the mantel, the canary hopped and chirped in the sunshine, and all was as quiet as if the hopes of eight years had not just been crushed out. To Sophie it seemed so, for she could not see the tears that rolled hot and burning down the mother's cheek. What wonder that her heart grew rebellious, bitter?

She now sunk into a state of nervous debility, that confined her almost entirely to her sofa. Hope deferred had indeed "made the heart sick."

Meanwhile, Edward Sanford labored at the west. The village where he had "located" had grown rapidly, and great and noble was the work he had done among its mixed and ardent population. He stood up, a man among men, prized by all but the most lawless, and respected even by them. What means the sigh with which he sinks into his chair after a hard day's work? Where are his thoughts as he leans his head upon his hand? Where but beside the sofa on which a restless invalid has lain for two years. If his eyes had been there as well, he might have seen Dr. Elliott coming to propose a second operation with increased knowledge. There is a faint tinge on Sophie's cheek, but she only says in sad tones, "Just as you please," and the hand she has half-raised, drops. He might have seen Dr. Elliott entering again, this time with a dozen students to look on.

But now, joy! joy! Will not this rouse you, Sophie? Soon you will see heaven's blessed light again!

"There, gently, gently," said Dr. Elliott, "lay her down gently. It is too much for her."

Mr. Sanford did not see all this, but he saw—ere long—Sophie's speaking, tearful smile as she held his hand, and gazed intently on every lineament of his face.

Two friends rode over the prairie into a village of Illinois, months after, "Yonder is Mr. Sanford's house," said one, pointing with his whip. "You will find him just sitting down to tea, I think. He is lately married."

"So I have heard," responded Dr. Dorr.

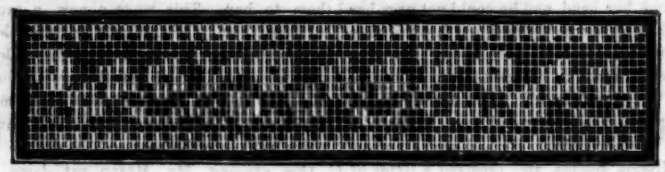
Fairly welcomed to Mr. Sanford's tea-table, and presented to the pale, shattered woman at its head, Dr. Dorr stared in amazement.

Dr. Dorr was a Yankee, and before two days had passed, he propounded the question plainly to Mr. Sanford, in a tone of condolence, why he had married such a woman. Edward smiled, and told him the story.

"Sophie has been subdued and refined by suffering," said he, as he concluded, "and from her spiritual companionship, I go forth, the power of a higher sphere with me. Her soft glance, so long darkened, is more to me than the co-operation of the most energetic woman—though these last are very noble in their way."

Was it not a true woman's work that had been kept for Sophie?

CROCHET EDGING.



DRESDEN LACE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 20; crochet-hook, No. 21.

1st.—18 ch.; turn, miss 1, sc. on 2nd, †, 5 ch., miss 3, sc. on 4th, † 4 times.

2nd row.—Turn, † 5 ch, sc. under loop, † 4 times; 5 ch., sc. on sc.

3rd row.—Turn, slip up 3 of the last 5 chain, † 5 ch., sc. under the next chain of 5, † 3 times; slip on the two remaining chain of that loop and the next sc.

4th row.—Turn, † 5 ch., sc. under the next loop, † 3 times, 5 ch., sc. at the end of the row.

5th row.—Turn. Slip up 3 of the last 5 ch., † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 3 times.

6th.—Like 4th.

7th.—Like 5th. After this begin the flower.

FLOWER.—12 ch., miss 2, 2 dc. on the next two, 2 dc. in each of the next two; on the remaining six 2 dc., 2 sc., 2 slip. Slip six stitches up this edge, without turning the work. 6 ch., tc. on the last slip, 2 ch., miss 2, dc. on the next, 2 ch., miss 2, slip at base. Slip-stitch (still without turning) as far as the tc.; chain; miss 2, 2 dc. on the next 2. On the next four work two contracted stitches; they are done thus:—

A CONTRACTED STITCH.—Begin as in a common dc. stitch; bring the loop through, and draw the thread through it, and the thread twisted on the hook. Then, instead of completing the stitch, twist the thread again round the hook; insert this in the chain, draw the loop out, and bring the thread through three of the four loops on the needle. Finish the stitch as in common double crochet.

The object of this stitch is to contract the edge of the work, and so make the cup-like form of the flower in the border.

After the 2 contracted stitches, 2 dc., 2 sc., slip to the stem. Bring the thread to the other side of the flower, 2 ch., join to the first loop of five, 2 ch., miss 1, 1 sc. on the edge of the flower; 3 ch., join to the next loop of five, 2 ch., miss 1, join to the flower, 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, 3 ch., join at the last slip of 2rd row, 2 ch., miss 2 on flower, join on 3rd, 3 ch., sc. on 5 ch., 2 ch., connect with the point of the petal, 4 ch., (a) miss none, sc., † 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, † 3 times. 6 sc. on the 6 chain in the centre of the flower; * 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, * 3 times, 4 ch., miss none, sc. (at the extreme point) 5 ch., miss 2, sc. on 3rd; 4 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 4 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 3 ch., slip at the stem. Slip back one of the three, 2 ch., and work backward and forward on the net-work; continuing at the

8th row.—† sc. under chain of 5, 5 ch., † twice, sc. under loop, 5 ch., sc. at the end.

9th row.—Like 5th. Sc. last time under the last loop of the flowers. 1 ch., sc. under next loop.

10th row.—Turn. 2 ch; † sc. under loop, 5 ch., † 3 times. Sc. at the end of the row.

(a) In the second and succeeding flowers they must be here connected with the previous.

11th row.—Turn. 3 slip on chain; † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † twice; 5 ch., 3 slip at the end of the row, 1 ch., join to the next loop but one of the flower.

12th row.—Turn. † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 3 times; 5 ch., sc. at the end.

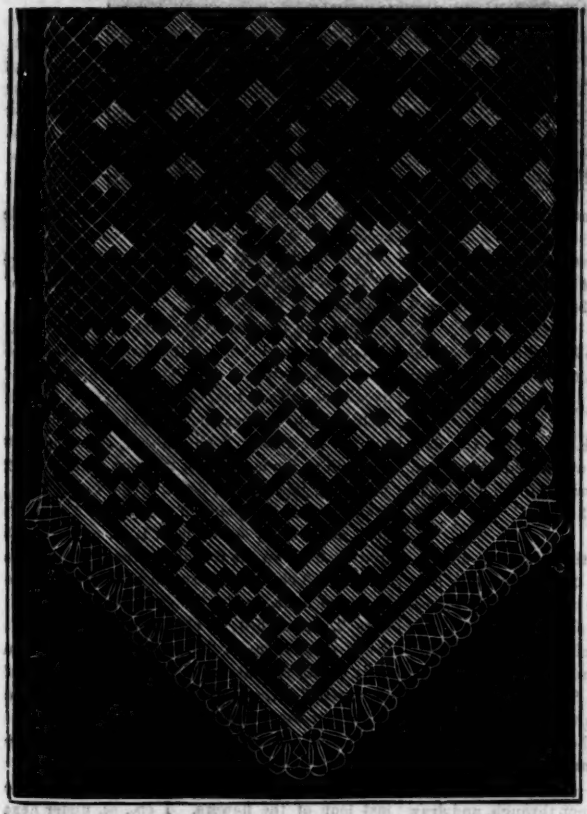
13th row.—Turn. 3 slip up the chain; † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 3 times, 5 ch., slip on the 4th chain of the next loop of the flower.

Repeat from the 2nd row to the 13th (inclusive of both) as often as may be required.

In sewing on this edge, hold it in a little.

GENTLEMAN'S NETTED NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

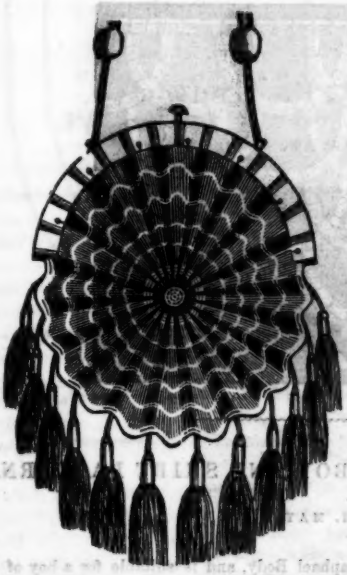


We give, this month, a design for an article which we believe many ladies will have much pleasure in working, and many gentlemen much pleasure in wearing. It is one of the mysteries of human life that gentlemen should, for so many years, have uncomplainingly endured the misery of wearing that article of masculine attire so appropriately designated "the Stock," when any light, pliable fabric would be found so much more comfortable, and add so much to ease of motion.

The present Neck-tie, which has many recommendations, is in netting and darning in black or rich blue netting silk; the latter being, of course, more adapted for evening dress. Commence the netting at the widest part, which will require between one hundred and eighty to two hundred loops, with a flat ivory mesh, not quite a quarter of an inch in width; net as many rows as will be requisite to form half the width desired, carefully remembering to net the last two loops together at the end of every row. Then net from the centre the other half in the same manner. Finish the edge with the little border given in our illustration, and then darn the pattern in the corner with black silk, a little coarser than that used for the netting. It will make the work look much more perfect if, when finished, it is damped and stretched tightly all night. It is of great consequence in this work that the silk should be of the best quality, as the continued friction of the netting gives a white appearance to the work if a common silk is used.

THE DUCHESS PURSE.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.

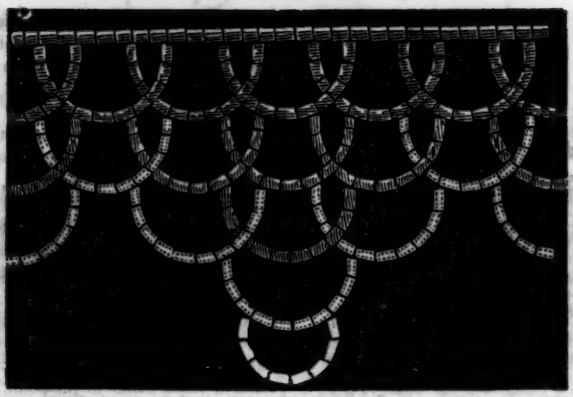


MATERIALS.—Blue crochet silk, silver thread. Make a ring of fine stitches with the silver thread; then in every stitch make two with the silk, until you have twenty-two stitches. Take again the silver thread and make three stitches in every stitch. At the end of the row, you should have sixty-six stitches. In beginning the next row, make two single stitches; in the third stitch make three, and repeat this to the end of the row. In the next row, make a triple stitch precisely above the triple stitch of the preceding row, leaving four stitches between. For the next row, take the silver thread, and make again a triple stitch above the last, leaving six stitches between. The vandykes are now well formed; there should be eight stitches between every two points. In the fourth row, miss two stitches midway the two points, and make a triple stitch at the point. This is done to the end, making two rows with the silk, and one with the silver thread. Take care that the missed stitches are always precisely one above the other, and so should be the triple ones. Both sides are alike, they are joined by tacking them together in working a second row with the silver thread. This row is not made, of course, where the purse is sewed to the clasp, which is a silver one.

BEAD FRINGES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

WE give two designs for the fashionable bead fringes. These fringes are much in use for various purposes. They make a pretty finish to different sorts of mats, as well as to those worked in Berlin wool as to those formed of beads, and equally to those which unite the two materials. In our illustrations the loops are intended to be of different colors, but this must depend on those introduced into the interior. The upper one is formed of loops, and their alternations are easily discovered by consulting our engravings. The second design may appear rather more complex, but is not so in reality. The first row is formed of loops overwrapping each other. The second, by threading the loop, and passing the needle through the centre beads of the first loop; this gives alternate loops, the intermediate ones being afterward filled in. The third row is done exactly in the same way, with the exception of not filling in the two apertures which divide the scallop. The two loops which form the point are added by passing the needle through the respective places, as shown in the illustration. It is necessary to say that the cotton should be strong and coarse. Passing it through the beads to bring it out again at the right place for the pattern, gives firmness to the work. When it is necessary to tie a knot, both ends should be passed through a few of the adjoining beads before the ends are cut off.



RAPHAEL BODY FOR LITTLE BOY AND SHIRT PATTERN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a pattern for a new and fashionable dress for a child. It is called the Raphael Body, and is suitable for a boy of six or seven. With the aid of the first diagram on the next page, any mother, who has skill in cutting out clothes for her little ones, can make such a body for her son.

No. 1. Back.

No. 2. Side of front.

No. 3. Piece for middle of front.

No. 4. Brace to be trimmed with braid or narrow velvet.

No. 5. Sleeve.

No. 6. Cuff of sleeve.

The diagrams are to be enlarged according to the directions published on former occasions, to the sizes marked severally on 1, 2 and 4, which will give a pattern that will fit nearly any boy of five or six years old.

The second diagram is for a shirt for a little boy of six or seven.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Collar sewed on front.

No. 3. Turn-down collar.

No. 4. Wristband.

No. 5. Cuff of wristband.

The plaits of the shirt to be wider or narrower, according to the maker's taste.

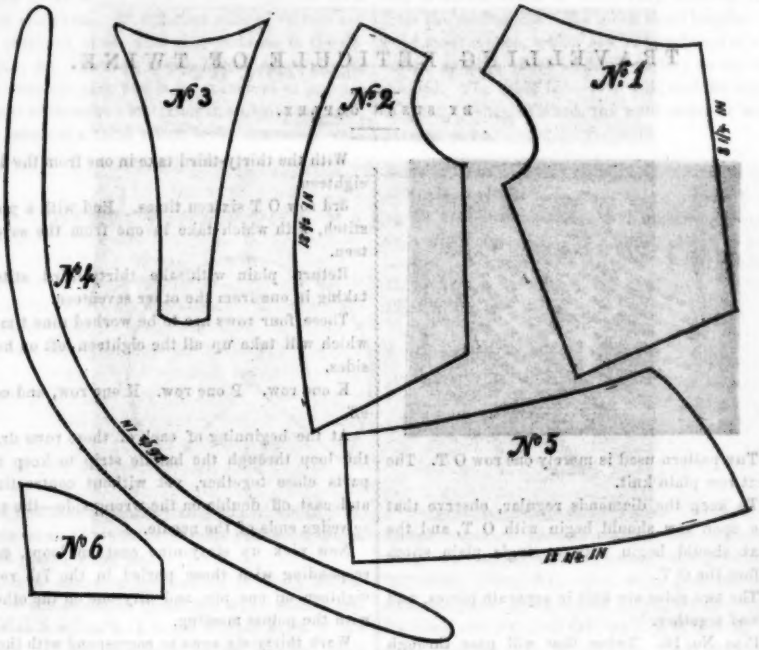


DIAGRAM FOR RAPHAEL BODY.

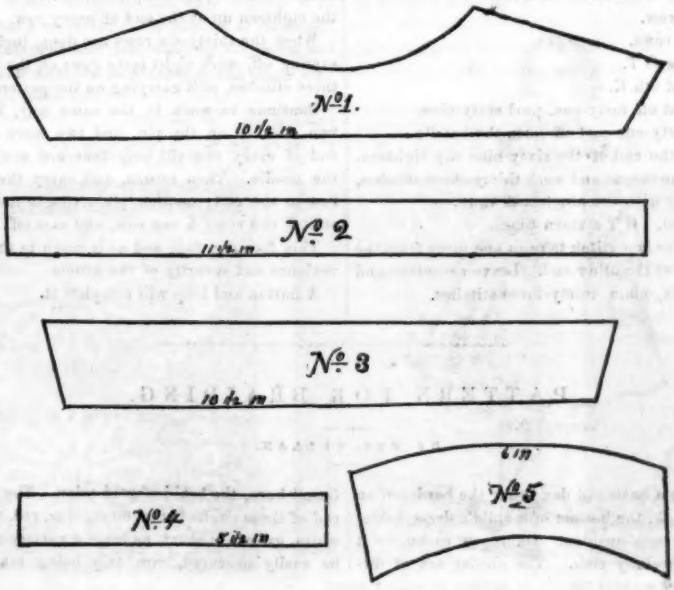


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S SHIRT.

TRAVELLING RETICULE OF TWINE.

BY SUSAN COPLEY.

The pattern used is merely one row O T. The next row plain knit.

To keep the diamonds regular, observe that one open row should begin with O T, and the next should begin with a single plain stitch before the O T.

The two sides are knit in separate pieces, and sewed together.

Pins No. 10. Twine that will pass through the hole (No. 18) of a knitting gauge.

Cast on one hundred and ten.

P one row.

K two rows.

4th row O T.

5th and 6th K.

7th cast off forty-one, purl sixty-nine.

The forty-one cast off form the handle.

From the end of the sixty-nine slip eighteen. Fix on the thread and work thirty-three stitches, beginning with the nineteenth thus:—

Slip one. O T sixteen times.

With the last stitch take in one more from the eighteen at the other end. Leave seventeen and work back, plain, thirty-three stitches.

With the thirty-third take in one from the first eighteen.

3rd row O T sixteen times. End with a plain stitch, with which take in one from the seventeen.

Return plain with the thirty-third stitch, taking in one from the other seventeen.

These four rows are to be worked nine times, which will take up all the eighteen left on both sides.

K one row. P one row. K one row, and cast off.

At the beginning of each of these rows draw the loop through the handle strip to keep the parts close together, yet without contracting, and cast off double on the wrong side—the two selvedge ends of the needle.

Now pick up sixty-nine cast on loops, corresponding with those purled in the 7th row, eighteen on one pin, and fifty-one on the other, with the points meeting.

Work thirty-six rows to correspond with those on the other side, viz: on thirty-three stitches, in the centre of the sixty-nine, taking in one of the eighteen up at the end of every row.

When the thirty-six rows are done, instead of casting off, work eight more rows on the thirty-three stitches, still carrying on the pattern.

Continue to work in the same way, leaving two stitches on the pin, and two more at the end of every row till only four are worked in the needle. Then return, and carry the plain row to the end; another plain row to the other end; P one row; K one row, and cast off.

This forms a flap, and adds much to the convenience and security of the article.

A button and loop will complete it.

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

This is a beautiful design for the border of an opera cloak, the bottom of a child's dress, table-cover, or sofa-cushion. On black cashmere it looks especially rich. The circles are of different hues, the braid of gold color. The material of these circles is cashmere, blue, red, violet, white, green; in short, as large a variety as can be easily procured, care only being taken to

make those which come nearest together form good contrasts. If different colored velvets can be obtained, these also give richness to the design. As, however, many ladies, especially in the country, may find it inconvenient to procure either of these two materials in sufficient variety, we mention a third which looks extremely well, and is within reach of every lady, however far from the metropolis. We mean short lengths of good stout ribbon, which can be purchased of all colors, so as to afford as much variety as can be desired. The braid is to be of silk, and the color of gold. When finished, the work must be well pressed down.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A CONVOLVUS.*

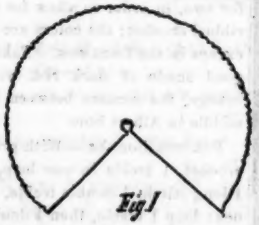


Fig 1

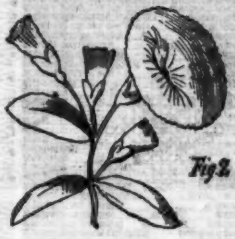


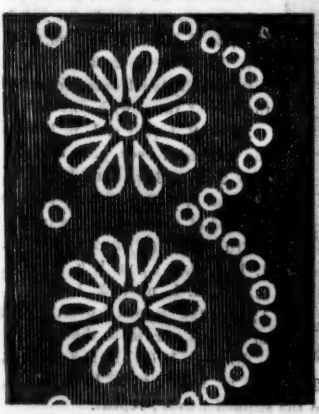
Fig 2

MATERIALS.—White tissue paper, white pips, ultra-marine blue paint, chrome yellow do., green stem paper, wire, &c.

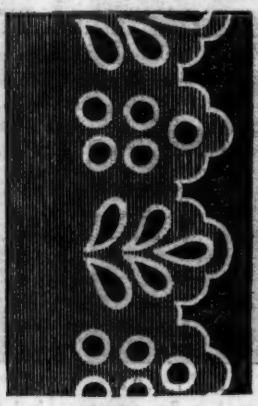
Cut as many as are desired of fig. 1 out of white tissue paper, paint the edge with ultra-marine blue on both sides: for the heart of the flower use the powdered yellow chrome: close the flower with gum, then clip the edge a little at five equal distances, and curl slightly with the scissors or plyers. The stamen is composed of one single white pip, wrapped on to a piece of wire to form the stem branch like fig. 2.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid. A. M. H.

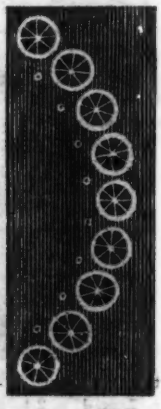
VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS.



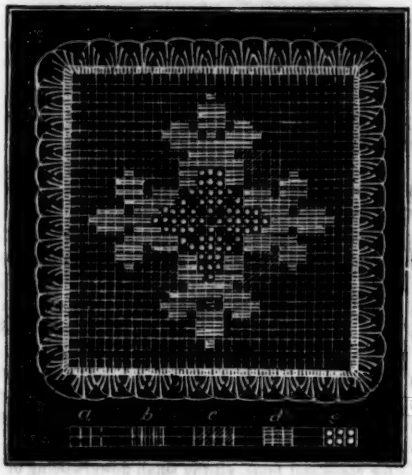
PETTICOAT BORDER.



GUIPURE WORK.

SMALL MAT IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Good size fleecy; a coarse crochet, either bone or steel.

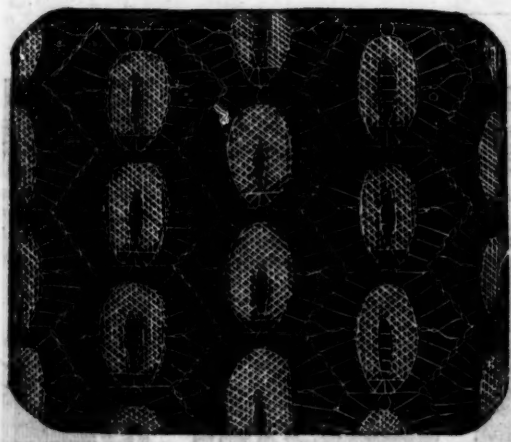
Work from the design, each square being counted for two double crochet, and each row for two, in order to allow for the ribbing; as in ribbed crochet; the colors are not to be changed, except in the front row. Take for the ground a good shade of dark red, work the design in orange, the corners between in green, and the middle in Albert blue.

FOR THE BORDER.—With green wool, 1 double crochet, 1 treble in one loop, in the next loop 1 long stitch, 1 double treble, 1 long; and in the next loop 1 treble, then I double, 1 plain stitch, and repeat.

Patterns, worked in colors, in this way, are much more beautiful than those done in white only, especially if the colors are harmoniously assorted, as we think our fair companions of the work-table will find them in this instance.

KNITTED CURTAIN.

BY SUSAN COPLEY.



MATERIALS.—Knitting cotton. Cast on as many times seventeen as the pattern is to be repeated, with two more, one for each edge.

1st row.—S. 1 (a) k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slipped 1 over; repeat to the end of the row, k. the last.

2nd.—S. 1 (b.) s. 1, p. 1, turn the slipped 1 over, p. 2, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 2, p. 2 t.; repeat to the end of the row, p. the last.

3rd.—S. 1, (c.) k. 2 t., k 1, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1; turn the slipped 1 over, repeat to the end of row, k. the last.

4th.—S. 1, (d.) s. 1, s. 1, p. 1, turn the slipped 1 over, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1; p. 2 t., repeat,

5th.—S. 1, k. 1, (e.) m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 4, k. 2 t., k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slipped 1 over; repeat.

6th.—S. 1, (f.) m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 3,

p. 2 t., s. 1, p. 1, turn the slipped 1 over, p. 3, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 1; repeat to the end of row, p. the last.

7th.—S. 1, (g.) k. 2, m. 1, p. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slipped stitch over, k. 2 t., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1; repeat to the end of row, k. the last.

8th.—S. 1, (h.) p. 2, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., s. 1, p. 1, turn the slip 1 over, p. 1, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3; repeat, p. the last.

9th.—S. 1, (i.) k. 4, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slip stitch over, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 3; repeat to the end, k. the last.

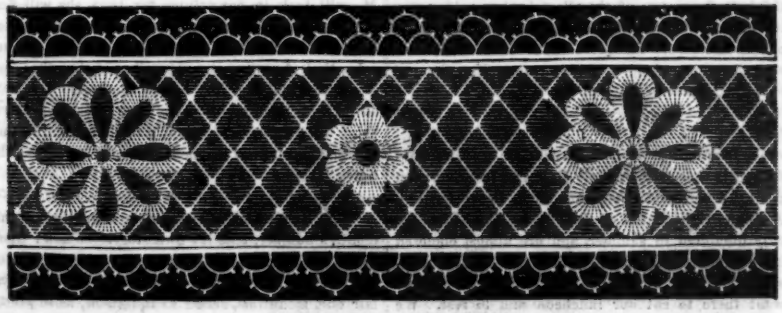
10th.—S. 1, (j.) p. 4, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3, p, 2 t.; repeat to the last.

FLOUNCE IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

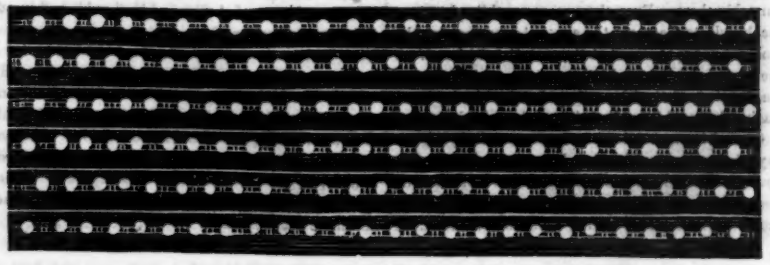
BY MRS. PULLAN.

In the front of the number we give a design for a flounce in colored embroidery, which has a very good effect. It may be done on many materials, but white book muslin or leno, or a strong black net, are all good in their different ways. In our design the ovals are to be worked alternately scarlet and green; but if other colors are preferred, any contrast is allowable. The ovals are worked in chain-stitch, the spots slightly raised in satin-stitch, (there are no holes) the scollop in button-hole-stitch, broader in the centre, so as to form a crescent shape. This pattern is also extremely pretty in white embroidery.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



TUCKER FOR BOY'S DRESS.



SHIRT FRONT.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Pic-Nic in Winter.—On a bitter day, early in February, two letters came to our *sanctum*, one post-marked near the Canada line, and the other at Charleston, South Carolina. The writer of the first apologised for the paleness of the ink, by saying the thermometer had been forty degrees below zero that morning. The author of the other, our old correspondent Carry Stanley, who, it seems, has been spending the winter in Charleston, S. C., said she had just come from a pic-nic on Sullivan's Island, in the dead of winter. Think of it! We are living in a country, made on so vast a scale, that of two persons, writing almost on the same day, one is where the thermometer falls to forty degees below zero, and the other goes to a pic-nic and plucks clover. Carry Stanley's description of her Sullivan's Island excursion is worth preserving. "The air," she writes, "was soft and balmy. The water of this beautiful bay was literally a mirror, and the vessels, some sitting in stately repose, and some with their white wings unfurled, just as you see the wild ducks about here, seemed really like 'painted ships upon a painted ocean.' I never saw water so still in my life: the trees on the shore, the birds skimming along, and the vessels in repose, were faithfully represented in it. Away out toward the sea you might think it the waters of the 'Pactolus,' so golden was it; whilst 'Pinckney Castle' springing up from the midst, and 'Fort Sumpter' and the Island houses seemed to rise from a golden vapor, like the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. I felt as if it was all a fairy dream, and expected to see it fade away like a mirage before my eyes. Sullivan's Island is sandy in the extreme, and its only foliage is that of the stately Palmetto tree, but even the sand and that contribute much to the Eastern, Arabian Night aspect of the place. The houses are only inhabited in summer, and are almost enclosed in verandah's with green blinds. One of these mansions had been kindly put at our disposal, and we went there to eat our luncheon and to rest. We threw open the windows and sat by them, but finding that too close, we went in the verandah and spread our table there. Even there we were obliged to turn the blinds to keep out the sun. As for grandpa, he took his newspaper and chair, and seated himself on the shady side of a pine tree without his overcoat. He boasted of the clover growing at his feet, and fearing he would not be believed, he pulled some of it to send home. All this was on the twenty-eighth day of January. After luncheon, we locked up the house, and strolled further up the Island, on the side toward the sea. There was no surf, but the waters broke upon the shore with a lulling, monotonous sound, like the sighing of the wind through pine trees. The whistle of some sea-birds only seemed to make the stillness more still. Immense flocks of small, white gulls sprang up now and then, and drifted past us like snow-flakes. Wild ducks and fowl of all description abound most plentifully about the waters of the Island. They are beautiful, graceful creatures, swimming about in pairs often, diving or flying as the fancy seizes them."

Fashion.—There is only one thing more powerful than the steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world: ergo—fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined. Fashion makes men ridiculous and women spendthrifts. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them into captivity. Fashion made the Hollander wear eighteen pairs of breeches at once, and caused Englishmen to wear boots so sharpened at the point that they could be used as toothpicks. Fashion builds our churches, fits up our pews, and even regulates the rights of sepulture. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense, early hours, goodness, and economy!

Point Lace Stitches.—If our fair correspondent, M., will look in our volume for 1855, she will find full directions for making point-lace, with illustrated descriptions of the stitches. We are sorry, for her sake, that she was not a subscriber at that time, but it would hardly be just to the thousands who were subscribers then, and still continue to be such, to reprint what we have so recently published. It is her misfortune, and not our fault, that she is "behind the times."

"The Rejected."—The leading engraving, in this month's number, tells it's own story. "Whew! She's given me the mitten," is expressed in every line of his face, in the very way he joins his thumbs. The fair one, meantime, seems as indignant, as so pretty a girl can be, that such a lover should have dared to propose. The artist is the same who designed the "Onconvenience of A Single Life," published in our October number for 1856.

Scotch Ballads.—We have been so frequently solicited to publish, now and then, the music of some of the old Scotch ballads, that we begin, this month, to do so, with "Auld Robin Grey." About three or four times a year, we shall give one of these ballads, if we find the practice acceptable. There is, another air to "Auld Robin Grey," a modern one, and more ornamental.

About Embroideries.—Few ladies know how many people are supported by making embroideries. Glasgow, in Scotland, is the great centre of the embroidery business, and two-thirds of all the embroideries worn in this country come from there. The work, however, is not all done in Glasgow; one-half of it at least is done in Ireland, and the rest of it in various small towns in Scotland. The balance of embroideries worn in this country, come from Germany, Switzerland and France. One establishment in Glasgow employs thirty thousand operatives, scattered over Ireland and Scotland. They have in their warehouse in Glasgow twelve hundred girls employed in washing, starching, ironing and carding the goods.

Scotch embroideries are worked on better muslin and will last longer than any other. The patterns are printed on tissue paper, and given out by the manufacturer to the embroiderers, (who are usually girls of ten years old and upward) together with a sufficient quantity of muslin and cotton for use. They are taken to the home of the operator, and when done returned to the manufactory. There is a large depot for the giving out and receiving of this work at Belfast, for the Irish embroiderers. The girls employed are paid according to the fineness of the work and the number of stitches in it.

One or two dozen collars will be embroidered on one piece of muslin, and when returned to the manufactory are usually black with dirt. They have to be washed, starched, ironed and put upon cards to be fit for sale. Their price depends, not only on the fineness of the work, but partly on their style and on the caprice of our ladies. Manufacturers are constantly devising new shapes and styles, on some of which they make large profits, and on others lose as much. For instance the collars and sleeves made for, and sold in London last autumn, would not bring in this country one-half of the original cost, for they were in large points, and embroideries of that shape had gone out of fashion here then. Also, when ladies in America were wearing as large collars as they could purchase, in London and Paris small ones were worn; the others being made for this market expressly. German embroideries are made in the same manner as the Scotch, but differ in appearance. They are generally done on coarser muslin, with coarser work and large figures embroidered in floss. The collar, when finished is put under heavy pressure, which gives it the appearance of fine work. During the last two years a large quantity of German embroideries have been sold in this country, in consequence of their comparative cheapness. The principal depot is at Leipsic. French embroideries are made on very thin muslin, are generally of finer work than either the Scotch or German, and command higher prices. They do not wear as well, however, as the Scotch. Most of the embroideries known as French are actually made in Switzerland, but few comparatively coming from France. They are nearly all finished of a dead or dirty white. But nothing positively can be told of embroideries by the color, as each importer has to have colors to suit his particular trade; some blue white, others dead white, and others yellow white. Some of the finest work, sold here as French, is really done in Ireland, on muslin or linen cambric imported from France. This embroidery is often so well done, that dealers themselves cannot tell whether it is French or Irish. Handkerchiefs are occasionally made in Ireland, that will take a good embroiderer, working constantly, over six months to finish.

A Representative In Truth.—The North Carolina "Representative," published at Halifax, in that state, says, "Peterson's is certaintly one of the best Magazines we have seen. The number now before us is worth the price of subscription. The literary matter is far ahead of that of any other we have seen, and the fashions are later, prettier, and more reliable than we generally find in other Magazines. The mezzotint and steel plates are beautiful, and the directions for Crochet Work, Embroideries, &c., with the patterns, are choice and fashionable." We quote this because it is a *representative* of what hundreds of others say.

T. B. Peterson's Catalogue.—We call attention to the catalogue of T. B. Peterson, advertised in this months' number. It presents the fullest list of popular and entertaining books, issued in a cheap form, to be found in the United States. Any of the books advertised will be sent, post-paid, on the receipt of the price. Address, T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson, Boston, has just published a charming ballad, composed by George H. Throop, and entitiled "Molly Wood." Another beautiful ballad is "We'll All Meet Again in the Morning," the words by H. Clay Preuss, the music by Thomas Baker. Horace Waters, New York, is the publisher.

Best of its Kind.—The Romulus (N. Y.) Courier says, "Peterson's is considered by the press and literary critics generally, the first periodical in the land, in point of literary excellence and refined taste. Its mezzotints and steel engravings cannot be excelled, if indeed they can be equalled."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Consumption. By Dr. W. N. Hall. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Redfield.*—The idea of this writer is that Consumption, up to within a month or two of death, may be indefinitely arrested or permanently cured, principally by exercising in the open air, being careful to avoid over-fatigue, raw winds and other imprudences. We are not sufficiently versed in the subject to pronounce an opinion, but we incline to the belief that Dr. Hall is right. We know many

invalids, with pulmonary complaints, who have been greatly benefitted by abandoning drugs, leaving their sick chambers, and exercising cautiously for six or eight hours daily in the open air. Walking is as good a method of exercising as any, but where there is not strength enough for this, riding is good; and riding may kept up, even in the coldest weather, if a close carriage is used, and the feet kept warm by hot bricks or otherwise. Dr. Hall contends that the cause of Consumption is an imperfect nutrition and an impure blood, and that these arise, in all such cases, from imperfect digestion and the breathing of an impure atmosphere: and if he is right the theory that exercise in the open air is a cure, or at least a palliative, for Consumption, accords with our own experience in the cases we have mentioned. We had occasion to call attention to this very matter, in our February number, in an article on "How To Preserve Beauty," in which we copied an editorial from the Baltimore Sun, asserting that there could be no beauty without health, and that exercise in the open air was indispensable to health. In the Sun's article it was stated that the Indians of Massachusetts never had the Consumption, and this immunity from a disease which now carries off one-fourth of the inhabitants of New England, was attributed to the out-of-door life led by the aborigines. Dr. Hall's volume ought to be in every family in the country, for it is, at least, full of valuable suggestions.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Redfield.*—Another of Redfield's series of "Simms' Revised Novels and Tales." The volume is embellished with illustrations by Darley, and is neatly printed, and bound to match its predecessors. We have always thought the stories in this book among the very best of Simms' works. As an evidence of the popularity of this writer, we may mention that, in a library for young men in New York, his novels are more sought after than those of any other American author; and the same fact is probably true, in young men's libraries, all over the country.

The Economical Cook-Book. By Elizabeth Nicholson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Willis P. Hazard.*—We have here nearly five hundred receipts for cooking, preserving, pickling, washing, ironing, gardening, plain and fancy needle-work, putting up of winter stores, and others needful and useful for the household. The publisher claims for the receipts that they are unusually economical, a great point, as all know, especially with young housekeepers. A lady, at our elbow, says that this claim is an honest one. We, therefore, cordially commend the book.

Ten Thousand A-Year. By Samuel C. Warren. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A new edition of this standard novel, handsomely printed on good paper, and bound in cloth, gilt. Many persons, we know, have long desired to see an edition like this, in order to place it in their library; and they will now have an opportunity to gratify their wish.

Villas and Cottages. A Series of Designs Prepared for Execution in the United States. By Calvert Vaux. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This volume contains about three hundred engravings, consisting of plans, elevations, villa views, and other illustrations, and is from the pencil and pen of the partner of the late lamented Downing, a man who may be said almost to have created rural architecture in the United States. In the present work, the designs range from the villa of the millionaire to the cottage of the farmer, and all are infused with a taste, which Mr. Vaux seems to possess as fully as Mr. Downing did. Some of the plans, indeed, are actually Mr. Downing's, having been prepared before his death, though never published till now. With the aid of the drawings for windows, doors, mantles, floors and other details, which accompany the plans for villas and cottages, a skilful carpenter can erect any of the designs given in this work. We would advise any gentleman, who desires to erect a tasteful residence, to purchase this volume before making a beginning, as he may find in it, both more elegant and convenient plans than ordinary architects can supply.

The Golden Legacy. A Story of Life's Phases. By a Lady. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A gracefully written story, with many points of superiority to the ordinary novels of the day, and especially remarkable for the light of a cultivated mind which beams through every page. The character of Mrs. Atherton is brought out with terrible distinctness; Lucille is beautifully delineated; and Willow Dell and Daisy Side are lovely ideals of well-regulated and happy homes. We cordially commend the book. Like all of Appleton's publications it is printed with unusual neatness, and is, therefore, peculiarly fitted for a lady's centre-table.

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington. By John S. Williams. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work, an officer in the army in the war of 1812, has made a valuable contribution, in the book before us, to the historical literature of our country. It is the first really complete and reliable account of the capture of Washington city that has ever been published. He shifts the censure for that event from the camp to the cabinet; and we think makes out his case.

A Lord of the Creation. By Marian James. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.*—A capital novel, albeit unnecessarily severe on our sex, which it describes as intensely selfish to a man. It really made our heart ache to read some parts of this book; but we take comfort by thinking that all lovers are not Vaughans. But the work is so well written, and so true of many of our sex, that it ought to be read by tens of thousands.

Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. 3 *vols.*, 18 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A new edition of a work that has had great popularity with a certain class of readers. It is quite neatly published.

Lever's Works. 4 *vols.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The author of "O'Malley" is at the head of the school of rollicking, hair-breadth-escape, laughter-moving novelists. On this account he deserves not merely to be read and thrown aside, but to have a place in the library. Accordingly T. B. Peterson has issued an edition of Lever's works, in four volumes, containing "Lorrequer," "O'Leary," "Jack Hinton," "The Knight of Gwynne," "Tom Burke," "Kate O'Donoghue" and "Horace Templeton." The price of the sett, bound in black cloth, is $6,00; in scarlet cloth, extra, $6,50; in sheep, $7,00; in half calf, or turkey, $9,00; and in half calf, antique, $12,00. The volumes compare favorably with the edition of Dickens, double column octavo, issued by the same publisher.

Valentine Vox. By Henry Cockton. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A bound edition of a novel which is almost as full of fun as "O'Malley." It is issued in a style similar to "Ten Thousand A Year."

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

How to Make Soup.—The principal causes of bad broth or soup are that the proportion of meat used has been greater than that of vegetables; that spice, onion, ham, cloves, and too much salt and pepper, have been employed.

The soup is tasteless, because the cook neglected to throw a little salt over the meat when it was first placed in the saucepan of cold water; or if even this has been done, the temperature of the water has afterward been suddenly raised to the boiling point, up to which it has probably been maintained to the last. Such a mode of proceeding is bad; it causes the delicate flavor to evaporate. The dark color of soup arises either from the overcharging of meat, spice, &c., or from the waste of the animal material, which is expensive; or the sparing of the vegetal fragrant materials, which are economical.

The soup should be freer from fat than any other dish, otherwise a greater quantity of it may be swallowed without being perceived, so that the first guests served will have the greatest share.

To avoid having fat in soup, it ought to be made the night before it is wanted, by which means the fat may be easily removed when the soup is cold; but to preserve the whole of the aroma—that intensely sweet smell so inciting in soup—it should be made shortly before it is partaken of. The supernatant liquor from the saucepan, when the soup or broth is completed, should be inclined, and held without shaking, and toward a strong light, then skimmed, when the first ladlefuls will not change the uniform appearance of the surface; but shortly the broth itself will appear, then the contrasts of color will show themselves; the little "islands," and soon the "eyes of fat," will begin to swim more and more isolated, and every trace of fat can easily be removed.

Long previously to the foregoing operation, and on the first ebullition, or boiling, the swimming scum and floating atoms of every kind must be skimmed off, and the skimming continued so long as any refuse reaches the surface. When this is completed, the soup must be set aside to simmer, but never be allowed to boil again.

The second cause of dark color in soups is from the employment of coloring by burnt onion or burnt sugar, which, though they may cheat the eye, cannot deceive the palate and the stomach.

Pure well-made broth should be of the color of the lightest sherry. The employment of more than a very small onion, or spice of any kind, or smoked or salted meats, is highly improper.

Ham, too much salt, and such adulterations as have been before mentioned, produce thirst, whilst it is the office of broth to slack it, and, as medical men say, prepare the surface and appetency of the tongue and stomach for the reception of more substantial food.

Let it be observed, that the proportion of one-third of veal will improve beef broth: and also that the liquor of boiled fowl is almost invaluable, and some say the like of the liquor of boiled leg of mutton; and the liquor of boiled turnips, carrots, or of celery, should not be wasted.

When rice soup is to be made, wash the rice well in warm water, changing it frequently. Then put the rice into a saucepan with some good stock. Set it on the fire, and leave it to swell for half an hour; but do not let it boil. When the rice has imbibed all the stock, add a sufficient quantity to cover it, and boil it slowly for two hours. In the mean time pepper and salt two or three slices of beef and broil them. When of a nice dark brown, put them into the rice soup, to which they will impart a rich flavor and a fine color.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Gathering the Perfumes of Plants—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight; then it may be poured off, ready for use.

To Make Dry Toast.—Dry toast is the most pleasant and wholesome form of bread prepared for breakfast; but if it be cut beyond the given thickness, or if it be not set up vertically as soon as toasted, it becomes leathery to the teeth and indigestible to the stomach; and if it be eaten when only half cooled, it becomes still more highly so.

To Keep Suet very Nice.—Take the firmest part of the suet, and pick it free from skin and veins. Put it into a saucepan and set it at some distance from the fire, in order that the suet may melt without frying, or it will taste disagreeable. When it is melted, pour it into a pan of cold water. After it has caked quite hard, wipe it very dry, fold it in fine paper, and then in linen. Keep it in a dry but not in a hot place. When you wish to use it, scrape it fine. It will make a nice crust, either with or without butter.

To Give a Fine Color to Mahogany.—Let the tables be washed perfectly clean with vinegar, having first taken out any ink-stains there may be with spirits of salt. Use the following liquid:—Into a pint of cold-drawn linseed oil, put four pennyworth of alkanet-root, and two pennyworth of rose pink, in an earthen vessel; let it remain all night, then stirring well, rub some of it all over the tables with a linen rag; when it has lain some time, rub it bright with linen cloths.

Turkish Marrow.—Take some cold dressed meat, mince it very fine, mix with it one egg, a little gravy, a small quantity of onion and herbs; season it well with pepper and salt. Then take a vegetable marrow, cut off the top, and scoop out the seeds only; fill the marrow with the meat, tie the top on again very firmly, and let it stew gently till the marrow is quite tender; send it up in a dish well covered with a rich gravy.

Remedies for Chilblains.—Boil some turnips, and mash them until reduced to a pulp; put them into a tub or large basin, and put the feet into them, almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time before going to bed. Persevere in doing this for a few nights, and the itching and irritation of the chilblains will be cured. Of course this must be before the chilblains are broken.

Frothed Orange Cream.—Make a pint of cream very sweet; place it on the fire and let it boil. Put the juice of a large orange into a small, deep glass, having previously steeped a bit of orange peel in it for a short time. When the cream is almost cold, pour it out of a tea-pot on the orange juice, holding the tea-pot as high up as possible.

To Take Ink Out of Muslin.—Dip the part stained with ink into cold water. Then fill a small bason with boiling water, and on the top place a pewter plate; lay the muslin upon the table, strew salts of lemon or tartaric acid upon the ink spot, rubbing it in with the bowl of a spoon; the spot will then immediately disappear.

To Cure Hiccough.—It is not generally known that a lump of loaf sugar will instantly stop the most troublesome hiccough.

Preventive against Moths.—Strew camphor over the things you wish to preserve from moths.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

Rhyming Cards.—Provide a hundred slips of thin card-board, about two inches long, and one inch wide; upon these, write in clear legible hand all sorts of miscellaneous words, provided they be substantives and adjectives. Deal three cards to each person, without knowing what words you give out; and when every one present is supplied, they are each to make two or more lines of doggerel rhyme, in which the three words are to be brought in, however incongruous. Before reading their verse or couplet, the three words must be audibly announced. Suppose the following amongst the set of words; "Wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie, robin, chair, table, thunder, wind, rain, piano, dancing, bridle, horse, cat, &c., and suppose the first three words on the list to fall to one person, he reads, for example, (when every one else is prepared) "Wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie."

"Having put my wheelbarrow away,
I was glad to hear the gardener say,
Your mother has on the tablet set
A hot mince-pie for her darling pet."

The Spelling Game.—Procure from the printer's half a dozen of printed alphabets on cards. Cut out the letters singly, and with them make the name of a person, object, or thing, keeping the letters in your hand, or out of sight—then shake them all together, and give them to your friend to make out what word it was you formed. Two persons may sit down, each giving a puzzle, and amuse themselves by intellectually endeavoring to find it out.

THE TOILET.

White Teeth, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentrifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Fetridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

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FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—An Indoor Dress of Fawn-colored Silk, brocaded in wide brown and black stripes. The corsage is high and plain. The sleeves are demi-long, slit on the outside of the arm, and laced with a silk cord. Over the corsage is worn a black

velvet trimming, called "a lattice," made of strips of velvet crossing each other in diamond shape; and braces formed of wider velvet. This "lattice" is loose from the dress, and would look particularly well over thin white or pink summer dresses.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF CINNAMON-COLORED SILK, with four rows of trimming composed of wide fringe of the color of the dress, put on in large vandykes, headed by a row of narrow black velvet. The corsage is made high, with braces trimmed with fringe and velvet. Muslin collar trimmed with two rows of thread lace, each row headed by a narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—BASQUE FOR LITTLE GIRL OF HABIT CLOTH, trimmed with green velvet. Pagoda sleeves with velvet cuffs. Small hood of green velvet, pointed at the back, the point finished by a small silk tassel, fawn-color and green mixed. The basque is fastened at the chest by cashmere tabs edged with green velvet; the buttons of green silk.

FIG. IV.—CASAQUE OF BLACK VELVET, the body fitting tight: the skirt is cut in the circular form, so that there are no plaits or gathers at the waist; it is trimmed with two rows of silk fringe intermixed with jet, and having a narrow jet heading; the bottom row of fringe is not put to the edge of the skirt, but laid on it, the velvet coming a little below the fringe. The small berthe cape is trimmed with fringe, and a narrow jet trimming finishes the top of the cape. Pagoda sleeves with two rows of fringe.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF PALE DOVE-COLORED SILK; the curtain, very deep at the back, is edged with light green velvet and black lace; a broad black lace is turned back from the front, and carried over the top of curtain; the front edge is looped by pale green velvet; at each side is a green feather and leaves of the convolvulus; blonde cap with pink convolvulus: broad green strings.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF FRENCH STRAW.—At the front edge is a broad band of pink silk looped with pink velvet. The cape is of pink silk, and trimmed with black lace. A half-handkerchief of black lace crosses the crown, and at the back a bow of pink ribbon, with long flowing ends; blonde cap with rosebuds: broad pink strings.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF FANCY STRAW; the front edge is of blue velvet: a band of blue velvet edged with black crosses the crown: the curtain, very deep at the back, is trimmed with blue velvet and black lace: blonde cap with blue flowers; broad blue strings.

FIG. VIII.—MORNING CAP OF CLEAR MUSLIN, and the trimming consists of frills of worked muslin and bands of violet-color ribbon. A puffing of ribbon surmounts the cape. At each side bows of violet ribbon with flowing ends.

FIG. IX.—CAP OF BLACK BLONDE, intermingled with rows of black velvet. Trimming of blue ribbon. At the back a bow of blue ribbon with long flowing ends.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The windows of our fashionable stores are already gay with the spring and summer goods. The new silks of a superior kind have flounces woven in the material, or narrow Bayadere stripes. Stripes are more fashionable than plaids. In de lains, the stripes are usually covered with palms in rich colors on delicate grounds. Chintzs and lawns are unusually pretty this year. They are unsurpassed for richness of color, and are mostly of a palm or arabesque pattern. Skirts still continue to be worn long. For thin, or wash dresses, the basque is not worn, except for morning dress, when the basque is like a loose sacque, finished with a frill and belted around the waist. Organdies, lawns, &c., intended for dinner or evening dress, are to be made with a round waist, with a slight fulness, and confined by a sash of ribbon matching the dress. Corsages made low in the neck, and worn with a pretty little pelerine cape of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with a lace edge, promises to be exceedingly popular. Either black lace, or white mull basques look exceedingly well with these corsages.

A rumor has got abroad that the French Empress (who rules Paris, and Paris we know rules the world of fashion) has diminished the width of her crinoline, and that consequently two ladies will be able to pass each other on the side walk hereafter. Our latest Paris fashions, however, give no hint of this. Five, six, and seven skirts still continue to be worn, flounces spread wider than ever, and we see no prospect as yet of our fair belles looking less like Dutch ships than heretofore.

For out-door wear, silk basques of much the same patterns as the cloth and velvet ones in our present number, or as the cloth basques which we have already given, will be much worn. Shawls have also regained their popularity which they should never have lost, especially with tall persons, or those who have long necks and sloping shoulders.

BONNETS retain much of the winter's shape, but promises not to be so overloaded with trimming.

BLACK LACE JACKETS continue to be much liked. They are, indeed, particularly convenient, as they are adapted to be worn with any silk dress. One of these jackets is composed of rows of insertion of black lace edged with narrow lace, and joined together at intervals to form the shape. Some are composed of black tulle, nearly covered with narrow rows of black velvet, and bows and ends of the same. Occasionally a light trimming of jet is intermingled with the velvet or other trimming. Jackets made in the same style of white muslin, with puffings, through which blue, pink, lilac or green ribbons could be run, would be very "dressy."

CAPES OR FICHUS are trimmed with lace, ribbons, blonde ruches, and narrow black velvet. These are to be worn with low-bodied dresses of course. Some have long ends; others, on the contrary, are tied under the arms. They form a pelerine behind and reach down to the waist.

SLEEVES for morning wear are sometimes made

large and plain, confined only with a band at the wrist; and sometimes they have two puffings, with a gauntlet cuff turned back, and a ribbon run through it to correspond with that worn at the neck. The morning collars are generally of embroidered muslin, with or without a trimming of Valenciennes lace.

The under-sleeves, for full-dress toilet, are made of tulle with puffings and a lace frill. They are always decorated with ribbon or butterfly bows.

For ordinary visiting toilet nothing is prettier than embroidered muslin sleeves with cuffs of the same, slit up for the hand and trimmed with lace.

Morning Caps are made small, and are composed of lace, or of worked muslin, in a variety of rich patterns. They are trimmed with ribbon of some bright color, and frequently black or colored velvet is intermingled with the ribbon.

Collars are only moderately large.

Pocket-handkerchiefs for evening costume are profusely ornamented with lace. For plain toilet, less lace is used, but they are rich in needlework. For visiting dress and morning wear, those with an open-work edge, or with rows of hem-stitch are generally selected. For this purpose head-dresses with colored embroidery are also much in vogue.

Ornamental Cuffs.—A very pretty little cuff is now worn in moderate evening dress, which deserves the degree of favor in which it is held on account of its own advantages. Its foundation is formed of ribbon velvet about an inch and a half in width, drawn in about a quarter of an inch from each edge with elastic, in the usual way. A slight black lace, about three inches wide, must then be taken, its pattern having been selected for its suitableness for the purpose intended—namely, to be traced out with small black beads and bugles. These are to be diversified according to the design; the larger corner and lines being marked by the bugles, the rounds, or smaller corner, being covered with small rings or short strings of the beads. When this is completed, the lace must be fulled in to the edge of the velvet. When these cuffs are worn over a plain book muslin sleeve confined at the wrist, the lace, which must either be a scallop or a vandyke, is well displayed from having the white beneath, and has quite an artistic effect. They have also the advantage of preserving the white sleeve in its purity for a much longer time than is possible without their aid.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The present fashions for children's costume are very pretty. One dress, intended for a little girl of seven or eight years of age, is composed of cerise-color poplin, chequered with narrow stripes in black. The skirt at the lower part is ornamented with rows of black velvet, disposed horizontally, one above the other. The corsage is high, but without a basque, and is ornamented with bretelles of black velvet. The sleeves are long, and finished at the ends with *revers*. The collar and under-sleeves are of worked muslin, the latter closing round the wrists. A dress of Sevres-blue silk has just been made for a girl of ten years of age. It is trimmed up each side with horizontal rows of blue braid, the rows having a button at each end. The corsage is high, and has a long basque, trimmed with rows of blue braid placed perpendicularly. The corsage is ornamented from the waist to the throat with rows of braid, one above another. For out-door costume, a black velvet cloak is worn with this dress, and a bonnet of white thierry velvet, ornamented with rows of blue velvet. Small roses and buds are mingled with under-trimming of blonde. For boys to the age of seven years, the pantaloons reaching to just above the ankle is still popular. Dresses of velvet with capes are worn by small boys; the drawers reach only to just below the knee.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

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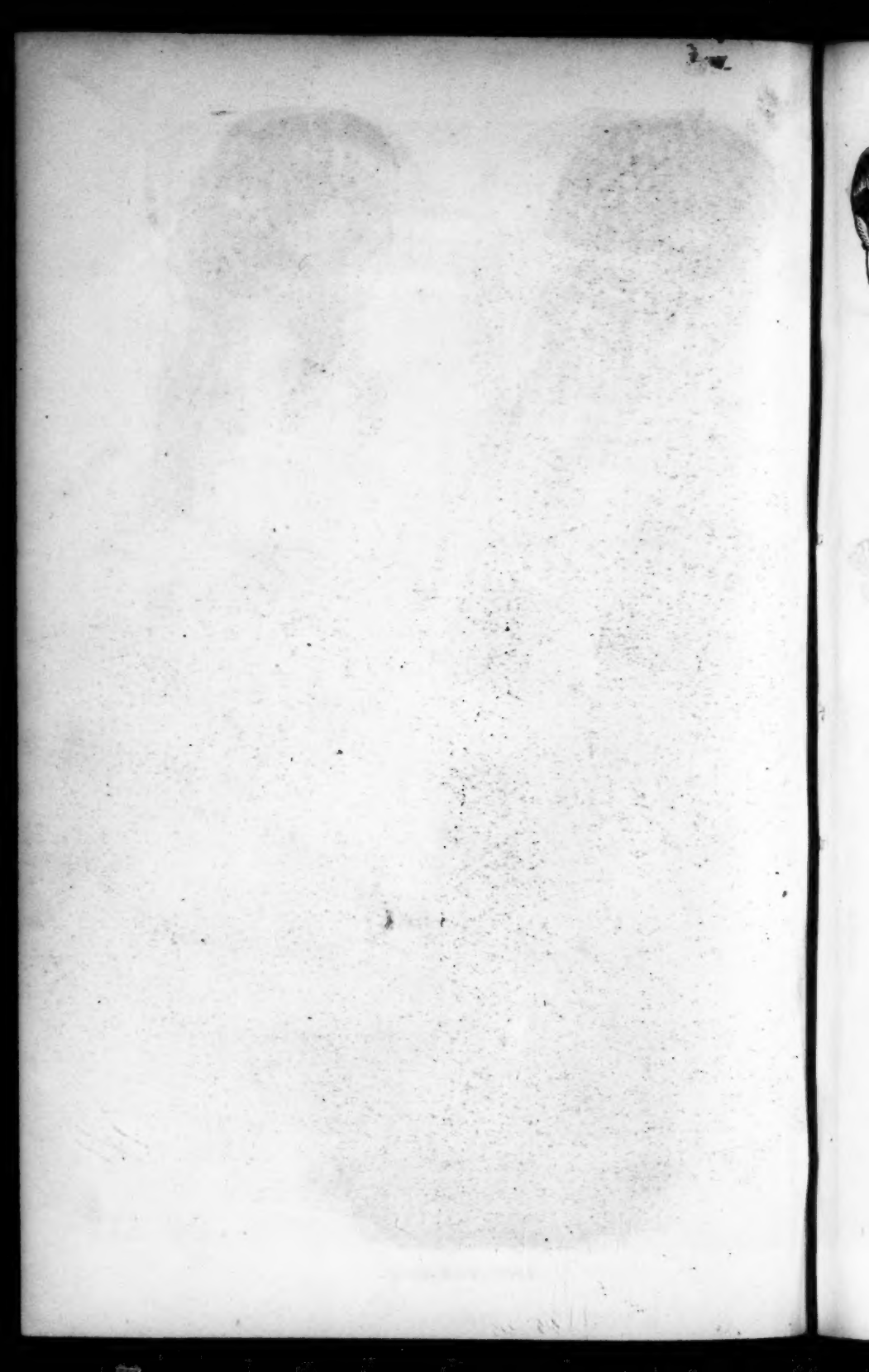

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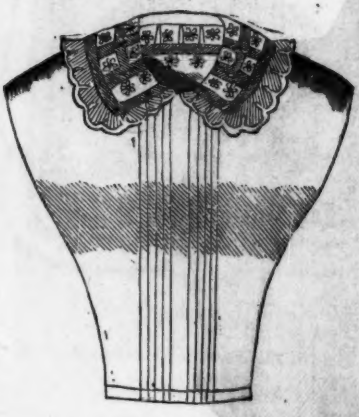

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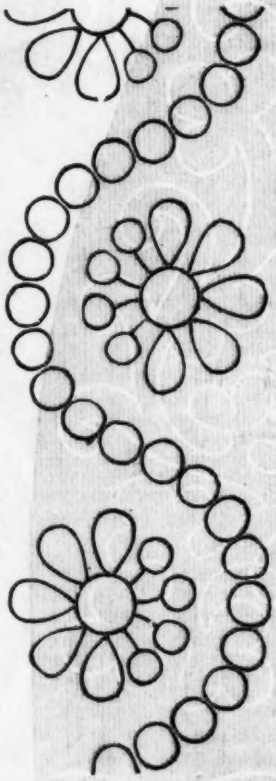

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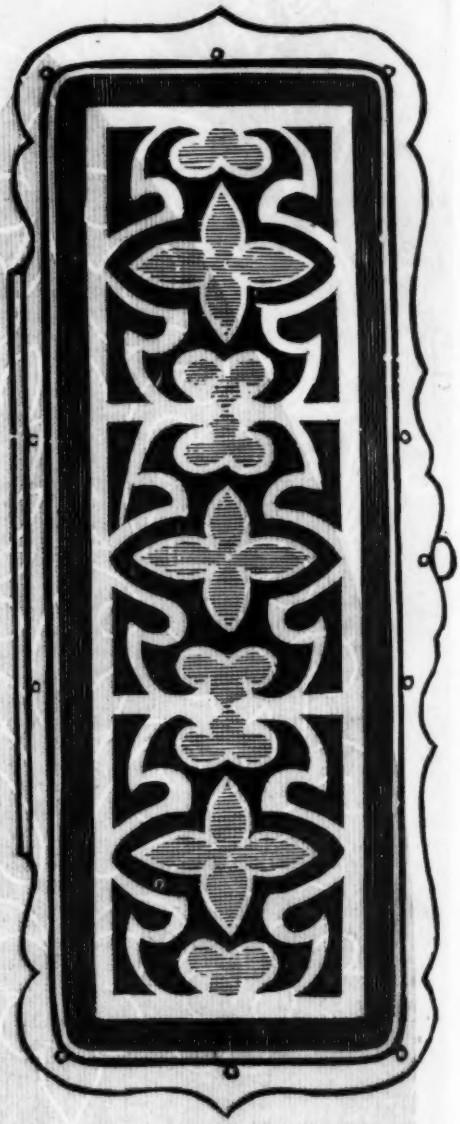

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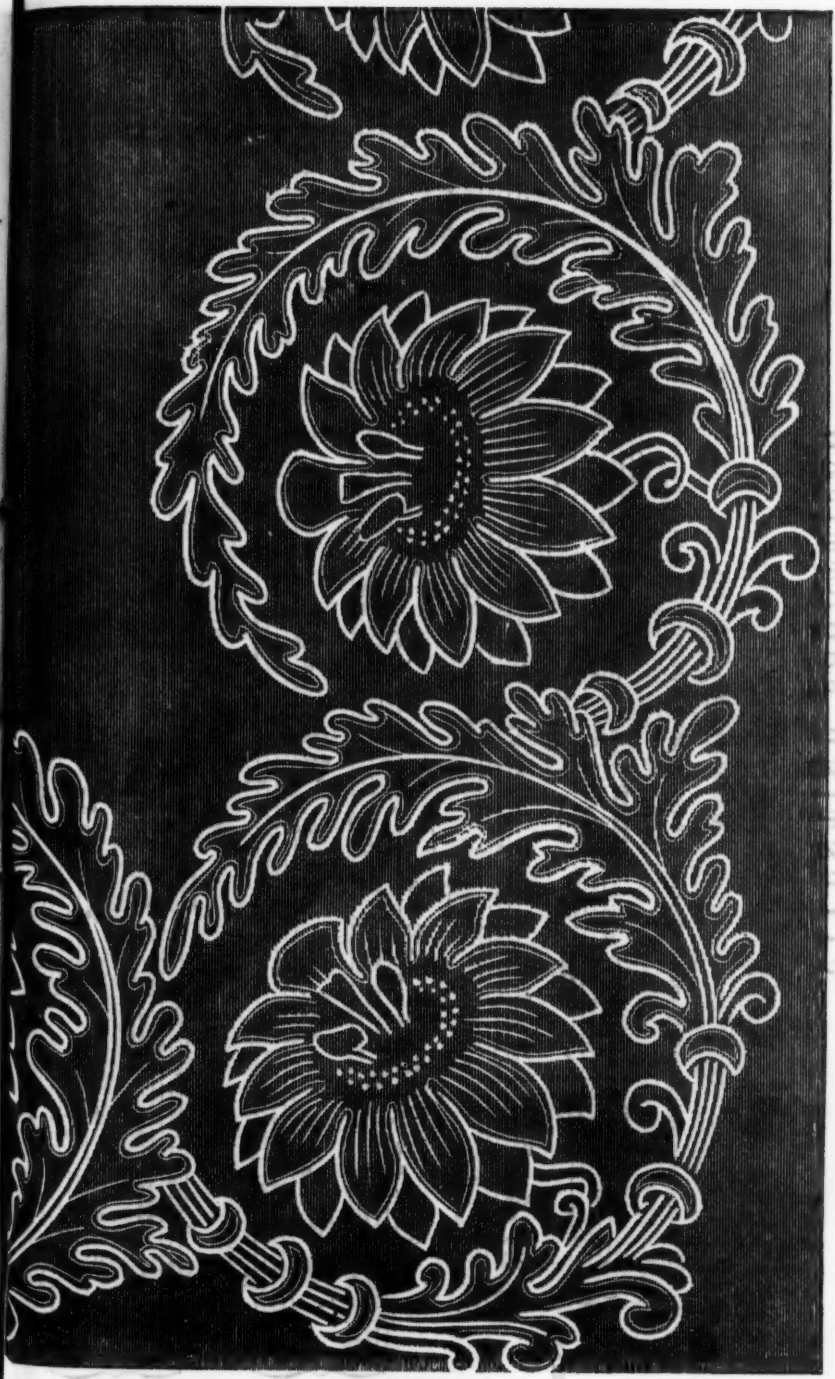

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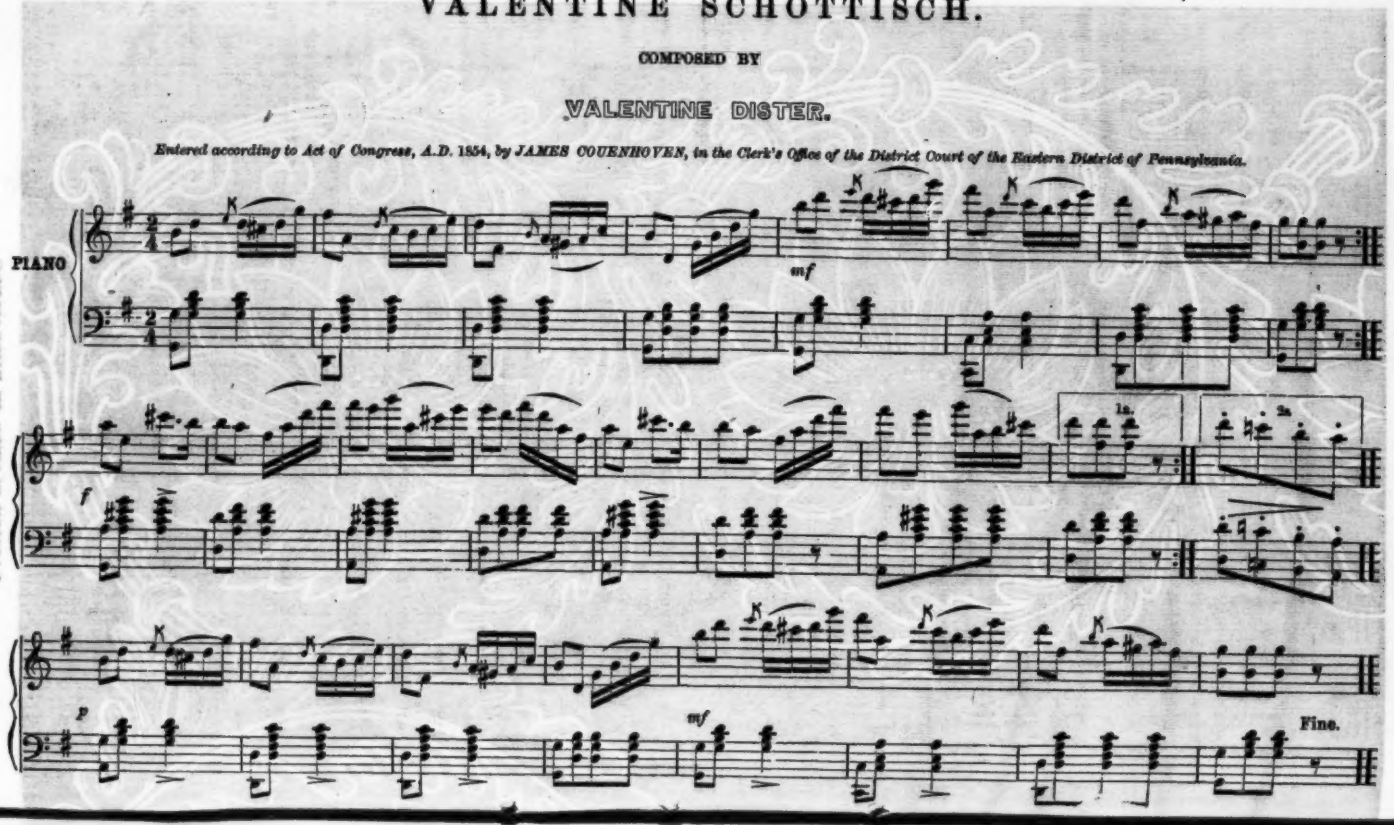

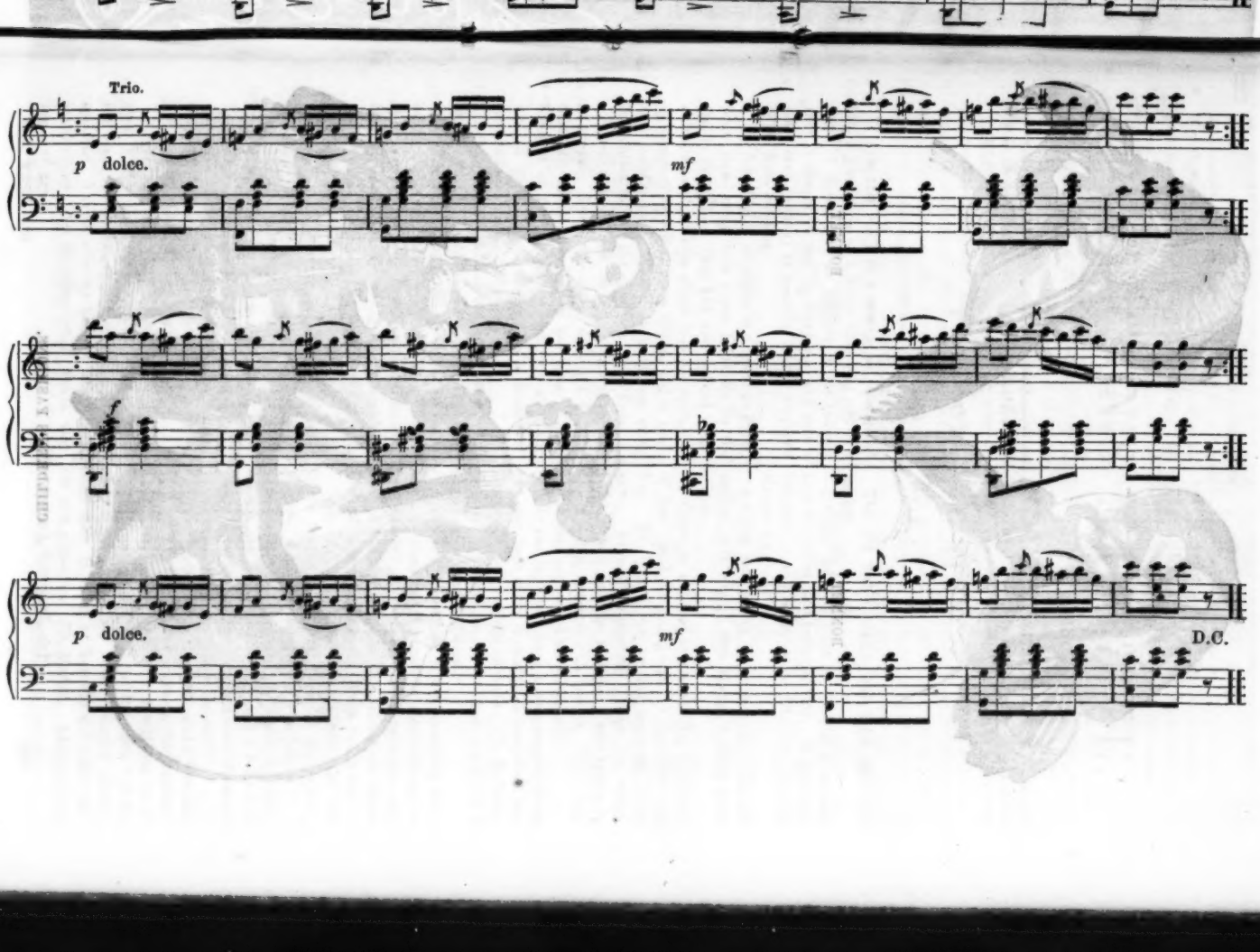
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